

discorder

that schmalzy magazine from citr 101.9fm - february 2003



also: Eddie Izzard The Widows Bruce McCulloch Beautiful Music

**di
chiclet**
TAKING PULSES
IN B.P.M.

**mc
velvet k**
"TAKE 2 AND CALL ME
IN THE MORNING"

**dr.
blue**
WRITIN' WEDNESDAY
SICK NOTES

EVERY **fever** TUESDAY
YOUR CURE FOR THE BOOGALOO FLU



COMMODORE
ALL ROOM

HOBBS BLUES CONCERTS CANADA

REST UP...
IN THE
LoveBed
DISCOTRONIC
STYLE

BOOTY SHAKIN
COMFORT FOOD
THE **sugar
cookies**

JANUARY 30

From Sweden, Burning Heart / Finnish recording artists
DIVISION OF LAURALEE
Toby Pease recording artists
BURNING BRIDES
V2 recording artists
THE CATHERERS
with special guests

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 7

**MICHAEL FRANTI &
SPEARHEAD**
WITH SPECIAL GUEST
THE HARDSON
CLANED UP BY
THE PLANTERS
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGHLIFE

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FEBRUARY 13

• ALL AGES •
**BEN
KWELLER**
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU & SCRATCH



CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

FEBRUARY 13



"A Night of Passion" with

**dimitri from
paris**
with guest Jaron Lev
Sound of Gold, Vancouver

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU RECORDS AND BOYS CO. ON ROBSON

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FEBRUARY 16

DJ KRUSH
DJ クラッシュ
DJ Krush
The Mayor of The South
DJ and DJ
Agguella

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FEBRUARY 20

HOUSE OF BLUES CONCERTS CANADA
& THE SONGWRITERS ASSOCIATION
OF CANADA
PRESENT:

Bluebird North
HOSTED BY
**SHARI ULRICH &
BLAIR PACKHAM**
DOORS 7:30 pm, SHOW 8:00 pm
Tickets also at Zulu & Highlife

FEATURING
**NEIL OSBORNE
CHOCLAIR
SARAH SLEAN
DANNY MICHEL
& DAMHNAIT DOYLE**
with special guest
BILL HENDERSON

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

MARCH 9

from norway - astralwerks recording artists

Røyksopp

with special guests

www.royksopp.com

COMMODORE BALLROOM

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22

**THE REVEREND
HORTON
HEAT**
TEEMING WITH SCREAMING THRILLS!
Special Guest
**UNKNOWN
HINSON**
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU
COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY & SATURDAY MARCH 14 & 15

come celebrate
st. patrick's day weekend with

**spirit
of the
west**



the town pants
& wil (saturday)

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU & HIGHLIFE

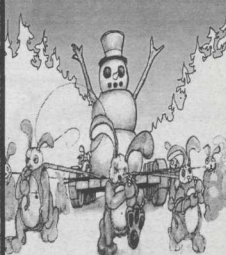
COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY MARCH 21

Be Good Tanyas
The Waifs
with special guests
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU & HIGHLIFE
LIMITED SEATING
AVAILABLE
DOORS 8PM
DOOR 9PM
COMMODORE BALLROOM

FEBRUARY 27

**SPARTA
GLASSJAW
HOT WATER MUSIC
DREGG**



**SNO
CORE 03**

Winterfest
TICKETS ALSO AT SCRATCH,
HOPE AND ZULU
COMMODORE BALLROOM

PURCHASE TICKETS **ONLINE** AT hob.com OR ticketmaster.ca | ticketmaster 604-280-4444 / www.ticketmaster.ca

DISCORDER

ISSUE 237 • FEBRUARY 2003 • THAT NOSTALGIC MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



Features

The Widows by Agata and Anka **p.13**
Eddie Izzard by Merck Cooper **p.14**
Beautiful Music by Susy Webb **p.15**
Bruce McCulloch by Luke Mead **p.16**
Order From DISCORDER:
A 20 Year Retrospective **p.17**
DISCORDER Cover Gallery **p.20**

Regulars

Music Sucks **p.4**
Panarticon **p.5**
Fucking Bullshit **p.5**
Airhead **p.6**
Vancouver Special **p.8**
Strut and Fret **p.9**
Roadwork and Weary **p.10**
Screw You and Your Pointy Shoes **p.11**
Radio Free Press **p.12**
Under Review **p.26**
Real Live Action **p.30**
Leprechaun Colony **p.34**
Charts **p.35**
On the Dial **p.36**
Kickaround **p.37**
Datebook **p.38**

Cover

Aliens have been controlling DISCORDER for the past twenty years and only now have we broken free! We have tried to communicate this fact to you via a picture by Jim Cummins. He also designed the covers for issues #15 and #148, and refutes all claims of association with the Pod People. Riightigh. We believe you, Jim. Go tell your alien overlords we're slaving away like good drones.

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SONAR

66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

Events at a glance:

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 1
HABIT(AT)

It gets hotter every week! House, rare disco, retro and dancefloor classics all in one night. Resident DJs TODD OMOTANI, HEBEGEBE, DJ SKINNY and DJ RENEE come stacked with crates every Saturday. Keeping you on the floor as they rotate between 2 rooms all night long. This session, DJ Sean Brawley joins in the mix. Doors 9pm/Cover \$10.00

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 6

INLAND KNIGHTS (Drop Music - Nottingham, UK)

Nordic Trax presents the deep and funky duo from abroad. Their remixes span on major labels from 2020 Vision, to Sinista, to their own successful imprint, Drop Music. Members of the now-legendary production team, TOKA PROJECT, their tracks are always in demand and have been featured on mixed-CDs by Mark Farina and DJ Heather. Alongside Vancouver heavyweight, JAY TRIPWIRE (Northern Lights, Spaced Out Recordings), <http://www.thereinmanagement.co.uk>, <http://www.nordictrax.com>, <http://www.jaytripwire.com> Doors at 9pm/Cover \$8.00

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 12

PRELUDE TO A KISS VALENTINE'S PARTY (NAUGHTY 2) @ GRANDE

Onetymertz Entertainment and GMan&Risk come together for another installment. Djs GMAN, PHYSIK and KIDD hit you with the hip-hop, reggae and r&b. BMG is up in the spot with prize packs and giveaways. "The Urban Renewal Project" of CFRO 102.7 FM up in Room 2. Contests, prizes, and much more. <http://www.gmanandrisk.com>, <http://www.onetymertz.com> Doors 9pm/Cover \$10.00

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 13

HEART ATTACK 2

If you were there last year...you know what's about to go down at number two. Aggressive Promotions is out on the streets, ready to hit you with another Heart Attack! Multiple bill including MCs (KASOOM, SUBMILINAI, JC & TYC, MK Ultra, BIRD APRES) and Djs (MAT THE ALIEN, WJUNKUT, HEDSPIN, KUT CORNERS, SYSTM). Definitely not one to be missed. Mad giveaways and cheap drinks. Doors 9pm/Cover \$5.00

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 14

DRUNK. LOVE. at DIRTY DEEDS

CIRCA Footwear and FWUH presents a hearty edition of Dirty Deeds featuring the MC duo, S-ONE & EVIL G, and latest addition to the bill, NO LUCK CLUB! Plus local DMC champ, DJ EXACTO on the decks, not to mention a b-boy performance by the BOOGIE SMURFS. Combine all that with CZECH & VINYL RITCHIE in the main room and the legendary DJ SCIENCE in the SPY OPTIC lounge upstairs, and it makes one helluva Feb. 14th. FRANK LOGIK sets the tone to start on this Valentine's special ed. crash course. <http://www.c1rca.com> Doors 9pm/Cover \$8.00

MONDAY FEBRUARY 17

CONTEXT 3 YEAR ANNIVERSARY

Join CIRCA and the Context Crew as they celebrate the night's 3rd anniversary with nothing but dope hip hop, cheap booze! Vancity's Monday night lair for live underground hip hop proudly presents local explosions, SWEAT SHOP UNION, FOURTH WORLD OCCUPANTS, and more at this very special edition. Plus resident Djs, SHORTFUSE and TEEN. <http://www.c1rca.com> Doors 9pm/FREE - No Cover.

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 25

BETE & STEF

Coastal Jazz & Blues Society is pleased to present Montreal-based bossa nova duo Bet.E & Stef. These fabulous artists have fallen in love with the sensuous rhythms of Jobim and Gilberto's music. Bet.E's seemingly effortless vocals are supported by Stef's guitar and vocals. Enchanting renditions of classic bossa nova and samba tunes. Doors 7:30pm/Showtime 8:30pm Tickets available at Ticketmaster, Highlife and Black Swan Records or call the Jazz Hotline at (604) 872-5200

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 27

DI SPINNA (NYC)

Easily one of the most talented figures in today's music, DJ SPINNA's versatility spreads throughout his tracks and remixes. Production and re-mixes for greats including Michael Jackson, De La Soul, Das EFX, MC Eht, J-Live, Freddy Fresh, Nightmares on Wax, Talib Kweli, Ali Qariq of the Beatnuts, 4Hero, Rae & Christian, Tek9, DJ Krush, Ronnie Jordan...and many, many, more. The innovator who released one of Rawkus' best selling albums to date (Heavy Beats Volume 1) has appeared on international radio stations including Kiss FM (NYC), J-Wave (Japan), BBC1 (Europe), and Radio Nova (France) and countless others. Expect to be blown to bits by the explosive set from this DJ of 15 year professional history. <http://www.djspinna.com> Doors 9pm/Ticket info TBA

Coming Soon:

SUN, MARCH 9 - SISTA/HOOD FRI, MARCH 21 - DJ VADIM

MON CONTEXT HIP HOP WED GRANDE R&B HIP HOP

THR WEEKLY ROTATION SPECIAL EVENTS

FRI DIRTY DEEDS HIP HOP PUNK BREAKS SAT INSIDE HOUSE

www.
sonar.bc.ca
nordictrax **WT-**

Open: 9pm-2am
 Club: [604] 683.6695
 Visual styling by: URBAN

Sound system by:
 TurboSound

printed in canada

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the March issue is February 12. Ad space is available until February 19 and can be booked by calling Steve at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send email to DISCORDER at discorder@ubc.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Show in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports line at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at ctrng@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at www.citr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

We rock the party that rocks the body.

coastaljazz
+ BLUES SOCIETY

TIME FLIES

15th ANNUAL VANCOUVER IMPROVISED MUSIC FESTIVAL

Job Bishop TROMBONE
Rudi Mahall BASS CLARINET
Torsten Müller BASS
Mary Oliver VOGLIN/VIOLOLA
Paul Plimley PIANO
Stefan Smulovitz LAPTOP
Dylan van der Schyff DRUMS
Joe Williamson BASS

Feb 5-8 8PM WESTERN FRONT 303 E. 8th AVE

FREE Workshops at Western Front 2PM

Thu/Feb 6 - Mary Oliver
Fri/Feb 7 - Rudi Mahall & Torsten Müller
Sat/Feb 8 - Job Bishop



Rising in the West:
New Vancouver Jazz & Improv

J.P. Carter Trio
Little Stitches
Smoke Rings
Adios

Fri/Feb 21 8PM

ROUNDHOUSE COMMUNITY CENTRE
181 ROUNDHOUSE NEWS

A dynamic showcase of exciting new artists.

Trumpet Player & Composer
of the Year, 2002 DOWN BEAT

Dave Douglas Septet

Dave Douglas TRUMPET
Seamus Blake TENOR SAXOPHONE
David Gilmore GUITAR
Jamie Saff KEYBOARDS
Brad Jones BASS
Derrek Phillips DRUMS
BJ Olive TURNABLES

Sat/Feb 22 8PM

VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE, 1895 VENABLES ST.

"... crackling virtuosity ..." NEW YORK TIMES

Hard Rubber Orchestra

FEATURING **Michael Blake**

Sat/Mar 1 8PM

ROUNDHOUSE COMMUNITY CENTRE 181 ROUNDHOUSE NEWS

"Hard Rubber is...consistently the best Vancouver band event you can see." DISORDER

coastaljazz.ca

Ticketmaster 604.280.4444

Jazz Hotline 604.872.5200

music sucks

editorializing by Chris Eng

One of my friends called me today to tell me that *Offbeat* was dead. He had a few other things to tell me, but that was the first thing out of his mouth and it hung between us like the cloying smoke from burnt plastic. It wasn't a nice conversation, or one filled with any amount of pleasantries—it was a functional conversation meant to convey bad news. And with that knowledge suddenly

eyes. It was still our magazine, but it became our ugly little magazine, our backwoods journal—a physical manifestation of everything that we deemed was wrong with our town. *DISORDER* was the source of information for everything we felt was unattainable on the island: great shows, great music, a scene, culture, the promise of more—the ability to simply get away. You could get your license at 16, but God

Winnipeg—and even though *DISORDER* turning 20 is a momentous and historic occasion, I can't help but think that its moment has been dimmed by *Offbeat*'s passing and that we may have lost something more than we gained.

Happy birthday, *DISORDER*. Goodbye, *Offbeat*.

On another down note (this is the 20th Anniversary issue—isn't this supposed to be a festive occasion?), some bad news has just come down the pike in the alternative scene. Some news which makes it more important than ever that we try and consolidate our community and keep looking out for one another. I know that some of you have gotten this email already, but not all of you have and if one person misses it, that could make all the difference in all the wrong ways.

Thanks, Mar, for sending the word out. Be safe and vigilant, everyone.

SUBJECT: IMPORTANT

VANCOUVER SHIT

Date: Tue, 21 Jan 2003 18:57:46 -0800

At a show at Pat's Pub on Friday January 17th, a girl at that show decided to walk home alone along Hastings and was attacked. She was pushed into a car, then driven to a park where two guys raped and beat on her. She fought back and managed to get away. They drove off leaving her



at hand, I find it hard to be excited about the milestone that is *DISORDER*'s 20th anniversary.

I was twelve when I first discovered college radio. Huddled beneath blankets late at night at my grandparents' house, I discovered a radio station unlike any of the other commercial pabulum clogging the dial and I promptly made some covert request calls that would never be fulfilled. (Because who in God's name would play the soundtrack to *Howard the Duck*, even if they had it?) In point of fact, the DJ that night told me that if I was so interested in the station and what records they had, I should come up and see it for myself, and, while I was at it, stop calling them. I paid my community membership within a week and was station gofer (or maybe mascot) within a month. There was no *DISORDER* at CFUV then. There was no *DISORDER* to be had anywhere in Victoria. There was *Offbeat*, though.

And while, at the time, I was wide-eyed with wonder at its newness and splendour, I can't help but think that in the end we all took it for granted. *Offbeat* was our magazine, yes, but as my friends and I grew older and began to go to Vancouver, we discovered and brought back copies of *DISORDER*, and *Offbeat* made a rather nasty transition in our

forbid you wanted to go anywhere with it. "Are the ferries running?" As if you even had the ferry fare. The Strait was a prison wall—low but nearly insurmountable, hemming us in—and *DISORDER* kept bringing us news from the outside.

So we sat and looked in at Vancouver's non-stop parade of excitement in its alternative monthly and went to shows and hung out and drank and wished we had something better to report the ways of the world to us. Even after some of us started writing for *Offbeat*, we couldn't still help but want our magazine to be *DISORDER*, to transcend our smalltown limitations.

And maybe that's what killed it. Maybe we didn't love it enough. Oh, we loved it, but we

Even though *DISORDER* turning 20 is a momentous and historic occasion, I can't help but think that its moment has been dimmed by *Offbeat*'s passing and that we may have lost something more than we gained.

loved it like an abusive older brother that constantly abuses and belittles his younger siblings. We loved it because it was ours and we loved it for its potential, but most of us never loved it for what it was and even less of us realized that it could have been what we'd always imagined it should have been, if only we'd put forth the effort. If we'd only believed in it standing on its own merits. And it languished, both economically, and in our hearts and minds, and most of us never realized what we'd had until we turned around and saw that it was gone.

So tonight one of the last independent media outlets in Canada is dead. Only two college radio magazines exist in Canada today—*DISORDER* in Vancouver, and *Stylus* in

alone there.

She was lucky to get away and make it back to her place alive, but it seems like these fuckers will probably do something like this again and maybe the next time someone else might not be as lucky...

It sucks that we can't feel safe walking alone, but there are sick fucks out there... but it's sooo much better to be safe than sorry. So please please please be careful. Try not to walk alone, and if you do just be very cautious. Watch out for your friends. Make sure they get home safe. Just be careful.

So please pass on this information to everyone you know. Description - vague. Two guys, mid 30s? One white guy, kinda fat, and one black guy. A light coloured car—that's all I know.

panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

TWENTY YEARS OF DISORDER & LINDA SCHOLTEN

...clash, and tension from the failure to reach agreement... dissonance, discord, inharmony... A confused or harsh mingling of sounds. Rampant incompatibility. A distopia of Discordians. *DISORDER*. Twenty years of dissent, and a name that still confounds everyone I meet: what does *DISORDER* mean? All, more, none: *DISORDER* is what you make it, and so far... it has made it. *DISORDER* is one of Canada's longest-running underground and indie 'zines (if not the one and only). A 'zine that has sprouted from a small yet fighting rag to an accomplishment of slash-'n'-burn journalism, punk perniculousness, and granulated gonzo. At times light and frothy, *DISORDER* nevertheless packs a secret blow from the left and an urgency brought on by more than just deadlines. Congratulations, *DISORDER*, to all the staff and writers, photographers and behind-the-scenes slaves, to everyone who has held it together, to all the Editors who have put up with late words and arrogant abuse and all the writers who have put up with the dictatorship of Editors, to all the advertisers who have stuck with this 'zine, and first and foremost to Publisher and Station Manager Linda Scholten. Linda will be, at some point soon, leaving CTR after guiding this ragtag and variable conglomerate of outcasts and hotheaded students since the '80s. Linda has seen us through thick & thin, launching high-power FM and grabbing guaranteed funding and a full-sized Station. Always on the vigilance against AMS takersover and corporate covert ops, Linda has been the true rebel leader here at CTR, and with a great candy jar to boot. We will miss you, Linda (when you finally and actually leave: the position is open...).

THE NECESSITY OF DISCORDIANS

And what are you waiting for—this is an open magazine, so get up here, sign up as a member of CTR, and throw it down. This is a good time to discuss the necessity of "little" zines like *DISORDER*. The 20-year reign of dissent is fragile—there are dissent threats on the horizon: losing funding, advertising, writers. We always need alternate avenues of information and opinion. As the internet becomes patrolled and silenced, and mainstream alternative left

press muted, the open space of print 'zines once again becomes a primary place of communication. The prophetic digitization of the world may still come, but the prospect of dissent's PalmPilot programs are dim. Movements such as the Woodward's Squatters need accessible press that recognizes their existence and which they can access. Even in the age of the internet, it is still a question of the materiality of the situation.

THE MATERIALITY OF DISSENT

At the August New Forms Festival panel the issue of the Palladium club was raised, with Paul Miller arguing for a reactive hack-around and me calling for pro-active resistance. Palladium runs all media (potentially *all data*) through an encryption process that is at the material level of your motherboard and cannot be hacked—at least without hardware tinkering. Palladium attempts to stop "piracy," but also acts as a joint corporate-gov't sniffer inside your box. Much like the iPod won't hook up to more than one machine, a Sony MiniDisc won't USB transfer your own tracks, and many CDs and DVDs won't play on computers, this is a chilling step backwards towards increasing surveillance and control.

Tie this into the "new" Carnivore. Carnivore was developed by the CIA to monitor internet traffic. The recent Homeland Security bill calls for all traffic to be monitored in real time—and the cost will be pushed onto the ISP (i.e., you). *Total Information Awareness*. The measure will also allow ISPs to "hand over content of their customers' communications without consent based on a good-faith belief that there is an emergency," says Chris Hoofnagle of surveillance watchdog Epic.org. This bypasses due process through a Judge: the ISP becomes wiretap, Judge and jury. And although privacy rights may hold out here a bit longer, ISPs are primarily American, and so is the backbone. And this is what it comes down to: who owns the material conditions of possibility for the virtual world. Geert Lovink points this out in his book *Dark Fiber* when he speaks of the inability for tactical media to intervene and cover the Kosovo war. Without electricity or phone lines, there is no net resistance. If access is shut down and tapped, well...the ghost in the machine died with the power.

[www.guerrillans.com/sictech/doc953.html]

IT'S DOWN TO THE THING

Thing.net ISP faces the imminent loss of its net access by upstream provider Verio. Dow Chemical served a DMCA (Digital Millennium Copyright Act) complaint to Verio over a tactical media site by the Yes Men that was hosted on Thing. The site aped Dow for its negligence in Bhopal, India that killed thousands of people in 1984. Thing.net hosts Artforum.com, Nettime.org, Rtmark.com and the PS1 gallery among others. [www.yesmen.org]

"Verio's actions are" nothing short of outrageous," says Wolfgang Staehle, Thing.net Executive Director. "They could have resolved the matter with the Dow parodists directly; instead they chose to shut down our entire network. This self-appointed enforcement of the DMCA could have a serious chilling effect on free speech, and has already damaged our business."

Forget postmodern remixing. We need to go back to what Hakim Bey said in the late '80s in *Temporary Autonomous Zone*: we need a counter-net, not a "culture net on the Net." The counter-net is a self-sustained alternative. Linux, Open Source, GNU licensing is excellent, but we need open source manufacturers of non-monitored hardware and net book-bones. Is this possible? Yes. [<http://www.theregister.co.uk/content/6/26740.html>]

CRACKING DVDS

All charges against 19-year-old Norwegian Jon Johansen have been dropped. Johansen cracked the DVD code so he could play purchased DVDs on his own computer. Johansen's lawyer: "[The ruling says] that when you have bought a film legally, you have access to its content. It is irrelevant how you get that access. You have bought the movie, after all." That's right—many new DVDs won't play on computers. This is how scared the corporates are over losing their billion-dollar profit margins, kids.

PROPOSAL FOR GORDON CAMPBELL

He should be given a bus pass. That's it.

Congrats to COPE. Larry Campbell, you fuckin' rock, ever since I saw you giving speeches back in the mid-90s on drinking & driving. [The irony, Oh, the irony]. Don't let us down.

fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

Have you ever noticed that every time Henry Rollins is on stage or on TV his knees are wet? Actually, if you know him like I do, you'll know that every pair of pants he owns has stained knees. You may have heard some rumours about Henry's sexuality, but his wet knees aren't from kneeling down in men's public bathrooms, believe it or not. Most of the time, Henry's at home, without a shirt on, sitting in the crevice between the wall and the dresser in his closet, while he presses his eyeballs into knee caps trying to force himself to stop crying. Henry Rollins's knees are stained with tears! TEARS! It's sad and true.

Henry Rollins has no friends. Everyone knows who he is, but no one will talk to him. They're too scared, so they just stare at him and make him feel like a freak show. I'm his friend, I guess, but he lives in California, so I rarely see him. I hung out with him last week, though, and all he wanted to do was put his face in my breasts and

make my t-shirt wet. It wasn't very fun. Anyway, I'm a little worried because there's only so much time before he runs out of blank skin and crappy metaphors and kills himself. Everyone should give Henry a call. He'll probably offer to fly you down and give you a nice place to stay. His number's 310-838-7867.

You should also call up Kathleen Hanna (212-213-3563). She's kind of a loser, and spends most of her time at home playing *The Sims* or watching taped episodes of *Kate and Allie*. But don't get me wrong, she's a nice lady. She bakes good cupcakes, but I just don't like going over there to play House and paint each other's toenails while listening to the Beastie Boys. It's pretty boring. I don't call her very often either because her voice is too high-pitched. It gives me a headache. If you call, just say you got her number from me, and she'll start clapping and doing cartwheels, and she'll talk to you for hours about stripes and bangs.

I'll give you Morrissey's

number, only because I know you'll just call to hear his voice on the answering machine and hang up. Don't call expecting him to answer the phone. Morrissey is NEVER home. When he calls me, he's usually at some mansion party or secret club totally intoxicated with alcohol and blonde women's perfume. I worry about him sometimes, but it's not like he's depressed, so he'll be okay. He just likes to have fun. He calls me once every few weeks, just so I know everything's alright. I always tell him to watch out for herpes, so if you call, you don't have to leave a message about that. Oh, I almost forgot: 323-295-1221.

Just to show you that I'm not just giving out my friends' numbers because I'm mad at them or something, you can have my home phone number too. It's 604-718-1075. Just remember these three things: 1. Don't call me and ask questions about Morrissey's cock because that's private. 2. Don't call me after 9:00PM. 3. Don't call me.

MOTOWNSTAXNORTHERNJAMAICAN S-O-U-L, SIXTIES FAVES, MOD(ERN) INDIE & ROCK

LEE MODERN ZUMATT TODD TOMORROW

THE mop CLUB

FRIDAYS STARTING JANUARY 31
THE WEEKEND STARTS HERE...



455 ABBOTT ST. (AT PENDER)



the mod club www.themodclub.com

Grand Opening Party - Jan 31

fab go-go girls happening prize giveaways switched-on visuals

Love Hangover - Feb 14

Baron Samedi, e.s.q. Live romantic giveaways band at 10:00, djs at 11:00

TRIBUTE TO JOE STRUMMER - Feb 28

9:30 Screening of *Rude Boy* Clash & Clash related videos & music accompanying dancefloor

dear airhead

#233-6138 SUB Blvd. Vancouver BC V6T 1Z1
discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca

20 YEARS OF SHIT AND ABUSE: A TRIP THROUGH THE AIRHEAD ARCHIVES

"Pee Pee, Poo Poo, Bum, Dink, Fart, Fart. That should fit in perfectly with the rest of that infantile excrement you pass off as a letters section."

Tony Beavis
January 1984

"Your rag smells worse than the garbage that's been sitting in our kitchen for the last month and a half. The only thing DISORDER is good for is killing flies and starting fires."

Scary Failure
December 1984

"The May issue of DISORDER is blatantly sexist. It is easy to understand why so few women choose to associate themselves with DISORDER... The fear of feminization permeates nearly every DISORDER article, record review, and cartoon. The message that comes through is that you don't want women in your boys' club; especially not women with opinions that don't conform to male standards. You have a long way to go."

D. Routsis
June 1985

"It has come to my attention that some of the disc and artist reviews in DISORDER are not lively adhering to the Trouser Press Standard of Avant-Garde Music Reviews. I feel it is my duty to reiterate the rules of this great standard."

1.) If the artists are obscure, the review shall be positive.

2.) If the artists are well-known and popular, the review shall be negative.

3.) If the artists are well-known and unpopular (eg: Frankie) the review shall be positive.

4.) Each review shall compare the artists to at least three (3) obscure bands that only an avant-garde DJ could possibly have heard of.

5.) If it is necessary to compare the artists to a well-known band, the comparison should be to the 'early' version of the band (e.g. early Stranglers, early Ramones).

6.) At least one new term (e.g. 'sludgeability') shall be invented per three (3) reviews.

7.) Every interesting male voice shall be called a Bowie rip-off.

I strongly urge the DISORDER reviewers to shape up and conform to this standard at once, or your august organ may go the way of the late lamented Trouser Press

6 February 2002

itself (which, in its last months, actually started to contain some intelligent writing). I have reason to hope, since about 80% of the DISORDER reviews are already of the accepted format."

Jamie Andrews
December 1985

"The DISORDER covers of the last year have progressively decreased in taste and judgement, to the point of convincing those unwary of its contents that it is a quasi-

it dull and extremely pretentious, it was poorly designed and devoid of style... Hopefully, you'll realize that DISORDER's creative stagnation is partly due to the fact that you consider yourselves an impenetrable bastion of alternative culture."

Andrea C.
April 1988

"This is the most vile, disgusting, confusing, hard to understand, opinionated, scary piece of publication I have ever laid

"We are highly insulted. We, the children of the first wave of post-punk, commonly known as Goths, now hold you, your reporters and your publication in contempt. How dare you insult The Mission (June issue) and what they stand for and believe in and in turn us for we are one in the same with them, sharing their beliefs, etc."

The music they create reflects our emotions and anguish.

We're sorry, we forget that today all you posers no longer find the human experience such as joy, outrage, hope, love, jealousy, fear, dreams, loneliness, and doubt fashionable. The majesty, elegance and subtle grace of the art has been spoiled by specifics.

But we do take heart in knowing that you and your audience are all pretenders

deaf ears of the hypocrites at your paper. I have long come to the conclusion that part of their alternative attitude is to mock and disregard anything that more than 0.01% of the population takes part in."

C. Dyson, September 1992

"I know that DISORDER has been an alternative magazine for a long time, and I feel I have been alternative for ages, but I get really mad when you criticize people who are alternative there are lots, maybe thousands in this city who are different and rebelling against society and maybe you should realize we are all in this together. In high school I was picked on by lots of jocks, one halloween I spiked my hair into a Mohawk and went to the dance, I slammed to the Sex Pistols and met a girl named

impermeable to anyone outside your charmed little circle. Do we really need reviews of shows at the rocknasty in Seattle, glib and obscure references to Chappel Hill N.C. and interviews that consist of unpopular band name dropping? I do believe that DISORDER and CITR should promote new music but only in a way that does not make you look like a snothead (temporarily) downwardly mobile college kids who stroked their vicious little egos in a furious quest to make others look like sheep.

Why don't you run a contest for who can take a photograph of the rudest looking vegetable? Or have a suggestions column for What you can do with your empty packages of cornflakes (you could ask all the bands you interview this and see what they say). Maybe have something on cool and cheap bars to go to (a Guys Guide to the Flipsides type thingy). Diversify. On the other hand maybe you would be interested in printing some bunny pictures."

Andrew Kitching
March 1993

"Copies of your monthly paper are delivered to the above facility. We would appreciate if you would arrange to have us taken off your delivery schedule. We do not find the publication suitable for our family and younger patrons."

C. Derek Laverty
Coordinator of Aquatics
Vancouver Aquatic Centre
Vancouver Park Board
July 1993

"Your feature on Classical music bored me. It was filled with meaningless details and summaries. This type of music is much more interesting than what you trendy bandwagon jumpers usually promote. Your writers was superlative in describing the latest retro, hippy, post-punk, psych-delic, mutant-metal, hip-hop, 70's folk-rock disco band. If your writers are as smart as they like to appear, then why are they always sucking up to such a bunch of no talent, posturing/idiot. Ninety-nine percent of these so called serious musician/artists have never studied music—they don't even know how to hold dicks much less their guitars. They take good pictures though good lighting and camera angles. Their worldly outlook and fuck you attitude always comes through."

Jim Gwangchook
March 1994

"Tom Bagley's portrayal of a midnight feeding of a child on your May issue is very disturbing to me. In an age of increasing child abuse and neglect, the issue of child care depicted in this manner is in very poor taste."

My only hope is that your readership is educated and

DISORDER readers With too much free time:



Classical Buff



Goth Girl



Mr. College Rock

bourgeois sports rock-rag put together by tasteful, no-time-for-talent 'students.'

R. Bucky Fuller
August 1986

"I am having read your DISORDER called 'Drugs'. I think you are all horrible communists and deserve to die horriblest way which is possible. Why are you telling people this drug-things. Also, you are bad, you never care someone is going to read this thing and go for horrible acid journey, maybe toss his body from Lion's Gate Bridge."

Franciose Hardy
November 1987

"What's happened to DISORDER? I used to look forward to each issue, eagerly descending on my favourite record store at the beginning of every month to pick up a copy. Now it's become nothing more than a force of habit, a habit I intend to break if this publication doesn't improve posthaste. The latest issue (March '88) looks like it was thrown together for the sake of fulfilling the claim that you publish monthly. Not only was

eyes on. Keep up the good work! I was getting kind of sick of Teen Magazine."

Lola Strickland
September 1988

"I can't sleep. Uhh... is 'Yo. Yo. (ma) Muhtuhufukhen' the best you can do? I've heard more Alternative music in Save-On-Foods!... Get Real. (?)"

J.W. Bacon & Eggs
April 1989

"I recently procured a copy of the DISORDER as I have done incessantly since discovering it nearly three years ago, and after perusing its new 'tabloid' format I deduced that 'that magazine from citr' is decaying."

um... it looks real dumb now, y'know. Like, the other one was neat and everything but now it's real sloppy and stuff. And the letters are to small too. Y'know how the other one was done so like it was careful? I don't know. Maybe it's just me but it's just not the same, right?"

Mark Sladen
October 1989

to the throne, simple want to bes. You'll change with the direction of the wind, Flavour of the Month Club. Because you lack substance in your life that's why you listen to trash and insult honest and integrity filled music.

We shudder to think that the monumental works of Joy Division, The Cure, Bauhaus and such influential bands as Skinny Puppy, Alien Sex Fiend, Psyche, Killing Joke, Teardrops Explode and even The Damned have come to naught."

We find this music (even if it is six to ten years old) as haunting and moving as when we first heard it on Brave New Waves.

Mainly because we true children of post punk don't abandon what we love for the sake of looking cool for an endearing second of time."

Zoe Annastasia
August 1990

"Most of your staff are so arrogant and self righteous that it brings me to a state of reverse peristalsis."

I should say that I am aware that I write this in vain, as it will no doubt fall on the

Julie, she know calls herself Sexiouse after her favourite band. We were the only alternative people in our school but stayed with what was hip, (I knew sub-pop would be big). WE go to Luv-a-Fair all the time and they are still at the fore front of alternative music, so what's that point, I am alternative, I have earned it. Lollapalooza was for people like me not the idiots who showed up, so join the fight DISORDER, you are alternative."

Jason Jekill
December 1992

"I am taking a political science class right now that is excessively dull. It is so dull that instead of listening to anything that is said, I draw endless series of bunnies. I draw fat bunnies and old bunnies and bunnies that have been genetically altered by the U.S. Army so that they can deliver important and secret messages. This type of abominably obsessive supinelessness is so social, and irrelevant to anyone except for myself."

The DISORDER writes articles like I draw bunnies. Most of your magazine is elitist and

caring enough not to spike their child's late night bottle with alcohol."

Jennifer Sutton
June 1994

"I must say this: Grant Lawrence is an immature little jerk-off who has no business writing for your otherwise fine publication. I'm sick of his ceaseless prejudicial comments about "older" musicians who "don't rock." Fuck you Lawrence. If you were writing racist or sexist comments, they probably wouldn't get printed. Who do you think you are, Doug Collins? If you're going to review bands' concerts/releases then keep your fucking comments to yourself and your fist next time you're in the bathroom. Hey man, I was enjoying a lot of gigs while you were still a glazed look in your daddy's eyes. So, fuck you Grant Lawrence—the Vancouver music scene doesn't need pee-brained pissants like you!"

R.C. Johnson
December 1994

"The following Discorder, writers suck: Christa Min."

Angus
February 2002

WE ARE WRONG

To the Editor:
One suspects that more than just the wide gulf between our points of view explains the many inaccuracies I see in your publication.

However perhaps someone there does care about journalistic accuracy. On the page at the following URL

<http://www.ams.ubc.ca/cite/discorder/panart.html>
[Panarticon, Dec./Jan. 2002-2003—ed.]

One site that, "Gerald Chipeur is listed on conservativeforum.org, whose motto is 'Anyone who can bring the Conservative Party together can bring the country together.'"

The conservativeforum.org site has no "motto". It includes in its collections the above quotation of a remark made by Progressive Conservative Party leader Joe Clark. Our site has no affiliation with or admiration for the party.

Sincerely,
Mark Magnier
conservativeforum.org

WE ARE LOVED

Dear Discorder,
Thanks for the Christmas card and the last issue.

I really enjoy reading! So I'd like to re-order for subscription again.

I'm looking forward to get next one soon.

I miss so much following those periods [sad face drawing].

- The Northern Wish (I loved this show!)
- Third Time's the Charm
- Folk Oasis

- And Sometimes Why/ Replica Reject
- The Saturday Edge
- Parts Unknown
- Flex Your Head
- Canadian Lunch
- Live from Thunderbird
- Nardwar the human Serviette

I was good Listner [happy face] my ears're starving—I wish I were in Vancouver now.

Thank you always + Happy New Year [drawing of a sheep] Michie Kuni
Tokyo, Japan

If you'd like to listen to all of those great programs, you still can't just tune in on the internet at <http://www.citr.ca>

THE EDITOR SUCKS

Dear Mr. Eng,
I was reading the December 2002 issue of Discorder and noticed that you had received and printed a letter to the editor, printed under the title of Dear Airhead (page 7). In your response to the letter by Jay Watts and Dan Colussi in which they "...not only states [sic] [their] case so eloquently, but personally attacks me as well."

I personally find it interesting that Mr. Eng takes as a personal attack a statement of fact which can be found on page 6 of the December 2002 issue of Discorder. In the Music Sucks editorializing by Chris Eng, Mr. Eng treats the reader to a half page editorial, of a little over 1000 words, of which about 600 words are about Mr. Eng's personal interactions with Glenn-Jenn Wilson. How these statements relate to the editorial position of Discorder Magazine I am not sure, but it is followed by the introduction of a new monthly feature. The new feature is clearly a conscious decision to change the editorial policy of the magazine, and as such truly worthy of editorial status. On the other hand the question of "[h]ow many of you that think that you were cool five years back," is clearly not editorial material.

This is typical of the self indulgent writing that Mr. Eng has been enjoying over the past decade, through the avenue of zines, Offbeat magazine, Vice (Don't get me started on that trashy rag!) and more recently with Discorder. I am not sure if Mr. Eng is aware that many of us do not care about his hair, friends, girlfriend(s), landlords, Ramones obsession, long lost teen age problems (you have other details of my personal life, not to mention the magazines I have written for. The thing is, you seem more than passingly acquainted with all of them. If the writing style or general attitude offended you so much at the time, then you were free, as is always your option as a reader, to not read them. Since I recall no letters of complaint to the editor back then, I would have thought that's what you had been doing. You were certainly not obliged to read my zines if you didn't like my prose. One might wonder why you spend so much time digesting my writings across multiple publications when they are clearly unpalatable to you.

If the general readership of Offbeat (a magazine that very few DISORDER readers probably read before its untimely demise) found, in my columns, nothing of any interest at all, then surely they were buoyed by the fact that I haven't written them for nigh on two years.

At We at DISORDER like Tolken.

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finds within the writing. Or in the case of Mr. Eng's writing the lack of interest shown by Offbeat's readership towards his written efforts.

Thank you for your time. Best regards,
Jeb Gordon

P.S. What is up with the Tolkien obsession in the above said issue of Discorder?

Ah, sweet vitriol. For years, Airhead has been languishing due to a lack of pointed opinions being sent our way. Finally, it has its moment to shine again. Now, to business:

A) You're right. "Attack" was too strong a word. "Targets," "takes me to task," or, "involves," would probably have served better, but sadly weren't chosen. My apologies to Misters Watts and Colussi.

B) The word "states" was correct in the context of the piece; don't try to make it look like I don't know my tenses.

C) You counted all the words in my column?

D) Glenn-Jenn?

E) I chose to talk about Gerry-jenn because she had an upcoming show and it was timely. She is also a fixture of sorts in the Vancouver scene. Do you think that it is somehow off-top to cover (in a rather roundabout way) a Vancouver musician performing a Vancouver show in a Vancouver magazine? Really? Interesting.

F) I get paid for my self-indulgent writing by various magazines. Someone evidently likes it.

G) Clearly, you take personal issue with my past columns which waxed at length over such topics as my "hair, friends, girlfriend(s), landlords, Ramones obsession, long lost teen age problems" and/or any other details of my personal life, not to mention the magazines I have written for. The thing is, you seem more than passingly acquainted with all of them. If the writing style or general attitude offended you so much at the time, then you were free, as is always your option as a reader, to not read them. Since I recall no letters of complaint to the editor back then, I would have thought that's what you had been doing. You were certainly not obliged to read my zines if you didn't like my prose. One might wonder why you spend so much time digesting my writings across multiple publications when they are clearly unpalatable to you.

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FEATURING THE HIT SINGLE
"COCHISE"
CD IN STORES NOW

vancover special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

Vancouver Special's earliest ancestor was called *Demo Derby*, and it's possible that it appeared in DISORDER's very first issue. (Since I didn't come along until a little later, I can't say for sure.) (No, it showed up a little before you did...ed.) But I don't think that the early DISORDER contributors fought over who got to write it, since everyone knew that "real" bands pressed LPs or at least 45s. Only the hopelessly inept, ill-connected or just plain broke put out cassettes, and this was one of the very few places where they were reviewed. A cast of CTR characters took turns writing the column, some using the space to show off their smart-assedness, others as a kind of public service, hoping to come across

vinyl, and even occasionally toss in a tidbit of news about the bands who could. (Most of these are long forgotten. Not many of you will remember Hip Type or Sons of Freedom, let alone A Merry Cow, The Dilettantes, Wardells or The Little Ratskulls.) And of course it was fun, going out to clubs almost every night to see what was going on.

But after a couple of years I got tired. Bands were finding my home phone number and calling at all hours, and after going out every night it was hard to get up for work in the morning. Because I was spending all my time with the bands I was writing about, it was hard to pretend to have any journalistic objectivity. So I gave it all up, telling myself that I wanted to pay more attention to writing fiction and my own (very

A musician appeared at my boyfriend's back door one night to threaten me with violence when he didn't like something I'd written.

some undiscovered treasure. Most, like me, were probably doing a bit of both.

Around 1986 someone decided that *Demo Derby* sounded "too competitive," and the name changed to *Local Motion*. Michael Shea was the editor then, and because it was starting to look as if I was the only one who still wanted to review local tapes, he gave me the job on a regular basis. My own column! Never mind that over time a couple of musicians referred to it as a gossip column, a few cornered me in bars to argue with me about my reviews, and another appeared at my boyfriend's back door one night to threaten me with violence when he didn't like something I'd written. All this just proved that someone was reading it.

While other CTR types wanted the apparently more glamorous jobs of interviewing out-of-town bands and writing about the new essential albums from the UK or States, I was happy in my little local music world. The editors who came and went generally left me alone. (Especially after I threw tantrums and said that with my writing degress and experience they had a lot of nerve correcting my English. No doubt there's a file on me in the DISORDER office now, warning future staff to stay clear. These editors sure put up with a lot!) I could champion the bands I loved who couldn't afford to put out

forgotten) band, and secretly hoped that if someone else wrote the column we might get reviewed ourselves. None of this worked out. Naturally. My band went nowhere and I didn't publish any novels. Other people wrote the local music reviews, and after *The Straight* stole the name *Local Motion*, the column became *Vancouver Special*.

In the end I couldn't stay away. In the mid-'90s I went back to UBC for yet another degree and—it was irresistible—joined CTR again. One day I heard then-editor Miko Hoffman in the hall saying she couldn't find anyone to write local CD reviews, and I started all over again. My first *Vancouver Special* column appeared in September 1996.

So this time I've been at it for almost six and a half years. (For at least part of the time I had a colleague of sorts who wrote part of the column, but we never actually met.) I've probably reviewed two hundred CDs since '96, and especially since I don't get out to the clubs much these days, a lot of them have been an utter surprise. Maybe it hasn't been glamorous, and I hardly ever get to meet up-and-coming rock stars, but picking up my monthly CDs to review can be a little bit like the mythical old-fashioned Christmas morning, where you don't know if you're getting a lump of coal or something truly magical.

Here's a list of the bands

and solo artists whose CDs I've reviewed in *Vancouver Special*:

Aging Youth Gang, Coco Love, Alcorn, Peter Archer, Judy Atkin, Auburn, BMX, Big John Bates, Beans, Bell Jar, Bertine, Big Cookie, Big Yellow Taxi, Blinki, Bossanova, Graham Brown, Brundlefly, Buck, By Divine Right, Neko Case, Cathode Ray, Cinch, Clumsy Lovers, Coal, Conrad, Coldwood, Copyright, Mark Crozer, cub, DOA, Daily Alfresco, Dayglo Abortions, Daytona, Dead Model Shoot, Deadcats, Department, Dishrags, Siobhan Duval, Electrosnicks, empty, Falcons, Fiddling, Chris Field, First Day, Flophouse Jr, Fontanelles, Four Barrel, Soressa Gardner, Gaze, David Gogo, Hanson Brothers, Harvey Switched, Rich Hope, Hot Hot Heat, I am spoonbender, Jack Tripper, Lonnie James, Jerk With a Bomb, Joel, Jonah Stone, Jungle, Juniper Daily, Kick in the Eye, Mark Kleiner Power Trio, Knockdown-ginger, Joel Kroecker, Lavish, Sook-Vin Lee, Maow, Carolyn Mark, McRackins, Melody Wee, Mimosa, Mishin Impostic, Mr Plow, Mistress Jen, Molestics, Mount Pleasant, Nickelback, On Susanna, Panurge, Papillomas, Pariah Project, Parlour Steps, Pasties, Pepper Sands, Plasticine, Potato Bug, Psychomania, Queazy, "Pa'd" O', Radiogram, Ralph, Rayway, Tim Readman, readymade, Red Raku, Removal, Rose Chronicles, Roswells, Run Chico Run, SK Robot, Saddlesores, Salteens, Saturnhead, Kate Schrock, Naomi Sider, Silverscene, Slow Nerve Action, Phil Smith, Smugglers, Space Kid, Sparrow, Special Guests, Star Collector, STATIONA, Submission Hold, Superchief, Surfdusters, Swag, Swank, Sweaters, Tennessee Twin, Thermos, Third Eye Tribe, Thrill Squad, Transvestamentals, Uneven Steps, Vancouver's Shame, Vega, Victorian Pork, Vinaigrettes, Volunizer, Wandering Lucy, Wayside, Young and Sevy, Zubot and Dawson.

And accomplishments:
604, Acrylic Age, Basement Suites—Opus 1, Crusty Comp 2, Dominic Radio, Good Jacket Presents *Vancouver Special*, Nothing Beats a Royal Flush, Northern Lights Volume 1, Project: Echo, Shot Spots: Trooper Tribute, Showdown: 22 Golden Nuggets From Vancouver / Victoria RANCH Community, Tent Mint Volume 2, Tiddlywinks.

Here's to another 20 years! —Janis

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—Grant Hargman, Echo Weekly, Guelph, ON



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THE FIFTH ANNUAL VANCOUVER UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL November 21-24

The Blinding Light!

Attending more screenings at this year's VUFF seemed like a good idea until I tried to cover everything in 800 words. Under DISORDER's old regime, I was terribly spoiled. STRUT AND FRET could swell, shrink, FLICKER and arrive hair-raisingly late, as required. But our new Führer is disarmingly strict. [I prefer the term "Omnipotent Dictator." —ed.] Fair enough, then: I'll alight like a butterfly on the opening and closing programmes and bounce off a few highlights in between. I shall be elliptical.

The first night's screening, entitled "superman, pornographer", contained five films

Drue and Miles Langlois was an animation of those sweetly perverse dolls, so it's probably my fault that I was underwhelmed by *Micro-Nice*. The comic from which it sprang no doubt works great on the page, but this live action version felt clichéd and puerile; following the exploits of a coven of witches-in-training, it was *The Craft* gone lo-fi.

I was unprepared for anything to come leaping out of this pack, but Sheila Pye's *The Lesson* quietly floored me. Inspired by Eugene Ionesco's eponymous play, the Toronto filmmaker told a tale of absurdity and horror concerning a tutor, his pupil and his housekeeper. Adding to the dreamlike unease, dialogue was fractionally out of sync with lips and a pixellation effect

happens when he and his siblings discover that there are almost no recorded images of their dead mother because she was always behind the camera documenting them.

Cool, objective narration belied the intensity of subject matter in *Knee Level*, in which a terminally ill woman decides to see out her life with the variety of sexual partners she'd never had while well. Torontonians Sarah Abbott and Tania Boggs used a single, fixed video camera to record the truncated figures of caregiver and lovers as they passed through a light and airy sitting room, leaving so much to the imagination. Like most of this nine-film package, these three works gave some new juice to the term "experimental."

I'd booked a Sunday spin in the *ARTIST-RUN LIMO*, one of the festival's less conventional venues. The vulgar-looking stretch thingy was supposed to drive us around town while we viewed a video of a road trip on screens mounted in the passenger section, but project creators Matt Smith and Arvid Dhadhami were afraid of losing their parking space in front of the cinema, so they decided not to cruise during the screenings. The locally-based filmmakers videotaped their entire journey from Brooklyn to Vancouver and then showed it insanely sped up. I reckoned a ratio of about one kilometer per second. As gas stations, metro bypasses and other traffic raced by, we struggled in vain to find visual reference points in a freeway journey that would be numbing and disorientating at any speed. Interspersed with a spacious and bass-heavy soundtrack were actual broadcasts taped from the car radio at various points en route: some of America's call-in shows are terrifying. A brief screech of Celine Dion right after we crossed the 49th was a nice touch.

Abstraction ruled the closing screening, "beauty in the body", as filmmakers constructed kingdoms of imagery and sensation with fuzzed footage, transgressive editing, video noise and, in one case, without a camera. This lot felt truly underground and, with few exceptions, there was none of that precious, theoretical distance present to elicit restful yawns. You could sense the desire prowling behind their eccentric methodologies and damn, I'm out of space. So thank you VUFF and thank you Blinding Light!



All the pretty horses but no Matt Damon in
Dianne Ouelette's *Sigh*

whose creators shared either a penchant for the surreal or a love of the trash aesthetic—occasionally both. Although the filmmakers proved competent at milking their often illustrious influences, most of the work never pushed beyond the entertainingly derivative.

Locals Matthew Fithen and Amy Lockhart reprised the unstoppable *Miss Edmonton Teenburger* 1983 in *You're Eternal*, in which the Divine lookalike struggled to prove her worth to the most popular girls in school. Alas, I found Lockhart's first *Teenburger* flick from 2001 far fresher and more twisted. *Doc.doc*, from Winnipeg's Solomon Nagler, was a monochrome morsel featuring a protagonist who seemed to fall up a rabbit hole into a Guy Maddin-soaked wonderland, while San Franciscan Miles Montalbano went for (and got) the schlocky laughs with *Love and the Monster*.

All I really wanted from Royal Art Lodge members

caused the human actors to move like claymation figures. *The Lesson* was arresting for its technique and style, but what gave the film its integrity was the feeling that it couldn't have been made any other way.

By the time I hit Saturday's "heartbreaker dreammaker" programme, the films had pretty much abandoned straight-ahead narrative and were pulling and stretching at ways to tell a story or convey an emotion. In *Sigh*, her study of a relationship gone bad, Regina's Dianne Ouelette intercut scenes of claustrophobic car travel with footage of wild horses. Peppered with personal documentary style voice-over, the film was hugely affecting, yet light as air. As it ended, I swear I exhaled more breath than I ever took in. A fitting title for an outstanding work. Portland's Andrew Blubaugh also used a light hand—with poignant results—in *The Burden*, a dry-eyed and honest look at what

HOT NEW SPIRITS

"Tangiers are what the Stones would sound like if they spent the late '70s hanging out at CBGB's instead of Studio 54."

Debut release out march 4th

TANGIERS

New releases to watch for:

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road worn and weary

Tour Diaries

cub Went on Tour and All They Brought Us Was This Stupid Diary.

(First printed July, 1993)

Entourage: Bill, Lisa, Neko, Robynn, Beez, Bryce, Dave, Grant, Nick, Aaron, Bob, Clint, John, Ron, Wade, Craig, Johnny, Kenny, Robbie, Shauna, Tommy.

Numbers of times we stayed at a Motel 6: 2 (In America, Motel 6s don't have numbers on the doors; you get a key, a map, a password and a warning NOT TO OPEN THE DOOR UNTIL MORNING ONCE YOU ARE LOCKED IN)

Number of times Lisa received unsolicited smooches: 3 (no tongues though, thank god).

Number of tattoos received: 2 (Robynn got a pretty rose on her shoulder, Neko got a kick-ass scary spider on her neck. Luckily they washed off about a year later).

Pieces of Dubble Bubble given out: 900

Loads of laundry done: 7

Number of times you can sing "Prairie Town" (Neil Young version) on the way into Winnipeg: 29

Number of little golden boys spotted: 3 (Winnipeg, Madison, Montreal)

Number of cub kids' club members who showed up at our shows: 4

Number of people who offered to let us stay at his house ("about 30 miles out of town") and then told us the best day of his life was when the local lake was drained and he and his buddy cut the heads off 500 dying carp so we scrambled before we got macheted ourselves: 1

Number of people who will be showing up at our houses this summer if everyone that we told to "Come out and stay with us!" does: 271

Facts about The Smugglers:

- don't know how to operate a washing machine
- play chess and read Sassy while driving
- love donuts (there's a Dunkin' Donuts outlet on the PEI ferry)
- never tire of fart jokes

jokes

- call their girlfriends and parents back home a lot (awwwww)
- give free pigshaves

Facts about Seaweed:

- love stinkbombs
- tour van has Nintendo, fully stocked wet bars, 2 VCRs (to show Terminator and Star Wars) and fax facilities
- adore Venom
- never heard of Tiger Icecream
- can sing "Blowing in the Wind" in German
- never tire of fart jokes
- fave expressions include "Dude!" "Word up!" and "You Canadians better watch yer fuckin' backs!"

Facts about The Hanson Brothers:

- cute butt ends (we saw Johnny's after the show in Moncton; a little sweaty but...)
- good at darts
- enjoy poker (but watch out! they're sharks)
- do great Jello Biafra imitations

Best thing about touring with The Smugglers: every single show is fun to watch and sometimes they even let Lisa come up and sing part of "Flying Buttress!"

Worst thing about touring with The Smugglers: those suit suit jackets really stink after they play.

Cool hands we saw:

- Citizen Fish (Nelson) — You gotta go see that guy do the monkey dance!
- Thee Deadbeatniks (Kingston) — Fun fun fun and cute too!
- Platon et Ses Caves (Montreal) — Cesar et Ses Romans ago-go. Neko danced with them and after the show they let her try on one of their togas!
- Hemlock (Charlottetown) — Jethro Tull meets Pink Floyd complete with 13 guitars,

synthesizers, mandolin, lute, recorder, smoke machine and a monk who circulated through the crowd waving a censer. They're #1 in the Maritimes! Watch for the upcoming double bill with Superconductor! Chimpanzees (New York City) — They

cub

dress in monkey suits, make monkey faces and hand out bananas. Best song: "Snapple Ice Tea"! Poster Children (Minneapolis) — We love you, Rose!

Cool hands we just missed seeing: Veen, Jale, Sebadoh, Sloan, Venom, Eric's Trip, (but they did leave a message in Moncton for us saying "hi")

Celebrities we saw in Hoboken, NJ: Steve Sinatra's mother, Steve Shelley, Garnett Timothy Harry, Georgia Hubley and Ira Kaplan from Yo La Tengo (on separate occasions), Betty Colatrella, Kim and Melanie from the Muffs, steelpoleabsturb.

Good fights:

- Neko and a mosher from Calgary — Neko got a black eye but you should have seen the other guy!
- Robynn and the floor in Calgary
- Grant and some big-necked jocks in Saskatoon; luckily he was able to scare them off with his amazing karate moves before any blood was shed
- Robynn and a wall in our prison cell occur in Charlottetown — the wall won; it bent her glasses

Grant and a branch of Hemlock

Funnest cover: By request, a ten-second version of "Wipe Out" in Madison.

Contest question some people got: What's round at the ends and high in the middle?

If you're feeling down and tired, a green mud mask will freshen you right up! Aaaa.

Best all-purpose remedy: "The Magic Flower" — a mysterious naturopathic syrup which cured everything from sore throats to constipation. Aaron from Seaweed was hooked on it before we got out of BC.

- does Jerry Seinfeld impressions
- humps gear
- counts all the money

Saucest bitch: Grant Lawrence

Robynn wins a dare! In Winnipeg. Seaweed bet Robynn she couldn't stand up and play for an entire set but she did (and she sang back ups, too)! So Seaweed had to play an entire Robynn-approved set including Beat Happenings' "Foggy Eyes" and a Spook and the Zombies song!

Biggest Mohawks and Most "Free Charlie Manson" T-shirts: The Tune Inn in New Haven, CT, conveniently

mean about us onstage and wanted to beat them up

- Melissa in Minneapolis who does the Hit It or Quit it sine and invited us to the big Riot Grrl convention in August

Why all-ages shows are the best:

- lots of kids having fun—no fights!
- Dog piles on Robynn during mad scrambles for stickers and gum
- Free cokes!
- Cute boys
- Bootleg cumb-prop stickers



Food that people who were kind enough to let us stay with them fixed us for breakfast (in some cases, ready on the table by the time we got up; can you believe it????):

- pancakes (Nelson, Calgary, Toronto)
- scrambled eggs (Ottawa)
- french bread and strawberries (Montreal)
- stale popcorn (Chicago)
- Samba, the coffee of El Exigente (New York)

What we ate for breakfast every other day of the tour: Subway veggie-cheese sub—no hot peppers!

Best Interview: CJSW in Edmonton—the dj let us play "Panama" AND "Hot for Teacher"!

What a Road Manager does:

- moves poo so we don't step in it
- makes sure everyone takes a pee at gas stations
- wakes us up to play and do interviews
- supplies us with Jolly Ranchers, Mr. Pibb and Cosmo
- sells stuff
- does out beer tickets (keeping half for himself) and per diems

located across from a burning automobile where we had a swell show as part of a PUNKS AGAINST CORRUPTION extravaganza, raking in lots of spit and ten whole dollars. Lisa got to pet a rat named Pussy.

Contest question nobody got: What Neil Diamond song is "My Chinchilla" based on?

Fun fans:

- the hippie guy in Minneapolis who told us he really hated our show "because everyone else is probably saying they liked it."
- The guy with the homemade cub shirt (complete with a little green Mint Records logo) in Calgary
- The man right up front in Windsor wearing dark aviator glasses and swigging cough syrup (He was from Detroit; you can't get codeine over the counter there.)
- Nicole in London who knew the words to "What The Water Gave Me" and wants to start a cub tribute band with her friend Tim
- The guy in Edmonton who thought Seaweed said something

Longest Finger: Nick's

Strongest Finger: Dave's

A tip: Make sure you have lots of time when you stop at the Giant Apple/Peter Puck Museums between Toronto and Kingston, otherwise you'll be late for the show and everyone will be mad at you. What nation produces the most apples in the world: Canada, USA or China? If you guessed USA, you're right!

Things to watch for while driving on the New Jersey turnpike at night:

- big trucks oozing dayglo green radioactive muck
- nude people in cars

Did you know it's perfectly legal to sit in the front seat of a broken down car while it's being towed at 60 miles an hour down the pothole ridden, Ohio turnpike in the middle of the night narrowly avoiding several semis? ("It's no problem as long as you pay the toll and don't cross the state lines," Bob the tow-truck driver assured us.)

Things we killed:

- A Canada Goose (Saskatchewan)
- Several porcupines (New Brunswick) — Lisa thought they were dried up foxes
- A swallow (near the Peace Arch Border crossing)

Things we barely managed to avoid killing:

- a pretty pink pig (middle of the highway between Calgary and Edmonton)
- each other (various places)

Scariest moment: When a ghostly Inuit by the name of Ernie Oulukpuk and his three dogs, Oolie, Biff and Sam, stepped out of the woods when Bill was taking a leak by the side of the road at 2am near Bangor, ME.

Interesting thing about Monton:

- the highway coming into town is red (weird dirt)
- lots of rednecks and an enclave of white supremacists—ick!
- Magnetic Hill: you put your Buick Regal into neutral and a strange force pulls you UPHILL!

Good things about Montreal:

- potato lakes at Main's
- recording and mixing 10 songs in 3 hours (including timeout to watch that Brady Bunch special on TV) with Kevin Komoda in a little studio in the old part of the city
- pest
- Leonard Cohen. Okay, so he wasn't there when we dropped by his house, but Rebecca de Mornay invited us in for a drink, anyway. You know what? She's not that pretty in real life.

One thing that makes the Maritimes a-ok with us: All soda pops come in those skinny old-style painted bottles. Even Crystal Pepsi. Shauna Hanson collected a whole set.

An interesting fact about PEI: People there point their satellite dishes at the ground to pick up secret TV signals.

Did you know it's always cloudy in North and South Dakota?

Best giant things:

- evil potato wearing a top hat near Fredericton (actually, it looked suspiciously like Mr. Peanut)
- Goodyear tire with barbed wire fence around it on the highway outside Detroit
- ice-cream cone with happy cherry on top
- goose, Wawa (we

made an offering of millet on behalf of the one we killed)
- Can of Budweiser in Madison
- smiley-face barn in Alberta
- bright orange moose
- pinhead gophers at Gopherville, Saskatchewan
- Grant's balls (although we never actually saw them, he repeatedly told us they're the size of the great lakes—Erie and Superior)

Best poster: The one that billed us as "All Girl Noise Band from California"

Biggest drug store in the world: Wall Drug, in Wall, SD! Free ice water! 50-foot dinosaur! Real live jackalope! All-you-can-eat corndogs! World famous Hupmobile! Watch for the Burma-shave style billboards starting about 300 miles away in Iowa!

Amazing points of interest we missed:

- Sudbury Nickel ("Please, Bill?" "No.")
- Hershey's Factory ("Please, Bill?" "No.")
- Mount Rushmore ("Please Bill?!" "No.")
- Devil's Tower ("Please, Bill?!" "No.")
- "But remember Close Encounters of the Third Kind?" "No."

A question: Why do little bald punk rock kids all over Canada like sticking stickers on their heads so much?

Good things about having a drummer from Tacoma, USA:

- good at fighting
- likes Lucky Strikes and Chesterfield Kings
- has snappy answers for American border guards while they hold us for hours questioning us in separate rooms and searching the car (luckily they never found our stash of Canadian Dubble Bubble)
- turned us on to Taco Bell 50 cent burritos
- likes hockey (go Rockets!)

Most packed show: The Bronx (used to be a Salvation Army Mission), Edmonton. We thought people would hate us, but they didn't! A boy gave Lisa a present of a necklace made out of a bicycle gear!

Best past of playing the 1st Ave club in Minneapolis (and no, Prince doesn't own it!): You get to disco dance as

much as you want. Nick did The Worm! Bill cut his hands on broken glass! Dave and Neko danced on a big platform—just like Soul Train!

Worst part: Seeing Dave Pirner—he looked like hell!

Weirdest gig: Continental Divide, NYC. We weren't supposed to play at all, then 1313 Mockingbird Lane featuring Haunted Houseman didn't show (what?) so we ended up headlining. Phil Spector was there maintaining a very low profile; later we had mai tais at the Waldorf Astoria. He didn't talk much but we gave him a copy of *Hot Dog Day* anyway.

Nicest Policeman: The one who gave Bill directions to the Lounge Ax (the coolest bar we played in—it even had a photo booth!) while spinning around in a circle directing traffic in a busy Chicago slum intersection.

Meanest Policeman: A tie between the one who gave us a speeding ticket near Fernie (one day after we left home) and the one who gave us a speeding ticket near the middle of nowhere, Wyoming (one day before we got home)

May 3 — Harpo's, Victoria, BC
May 4 — Curling Rink, Nelson, BC
May 5 — T he Republik, Calgary, AB
May 6 — The Bronx, Edmonton, AB
May 7 — Amigo's, Saskatoon, SK
May 8 — Alternative Cabaret, Winnipeg, MB
May 9 — First Avenue, Minneapolis, MN
May 11 — O'Cay Corral, Madison, WI
May 12 — Lounge Ax, Chicago, IL
May 13 — Spotted Dog, Windsor, ON
May 14 — The Embassy-London, ON
May 15 — The Cameron-Toronto, ON
May 16 — Hojo's Ballroom-Kingston, ON
May 17 — Zaphod Beeblebrox-Ottawa, ON
May 18 — Jailhouse Rock Café, Montreal, PQ
May 19 — recording with Kevin Komoda, Montreal, PQ
May 20 — Kacho, Moncton, NB
May 21 — Double Deuce, Halifax, NS
May 22 — UPEI Barn, Charlottetown, PE
May 23 — Thumper's, St John, NB
May 25 — Continental Divide, New York, NY
May 26 — Bogie's, Albany, NY
May 28 — Tune Inn, New Haven, CT

Return: June 5, 1993 •

SCREW YOU and your pointy shoes.



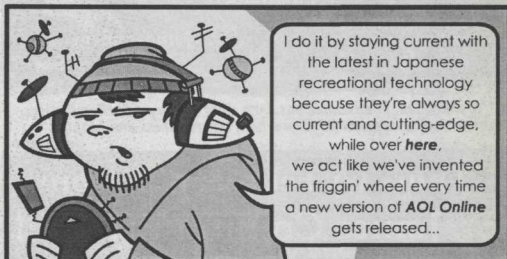
by Kevin Long

How do YOU express your individuality?

How do we whuf?...

PANTERA

D'you just call us fags?!



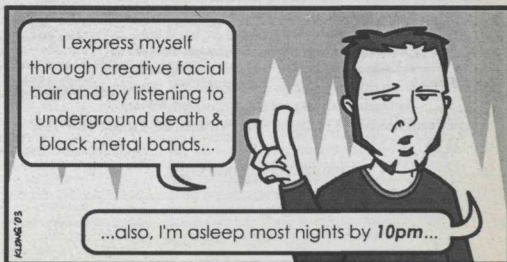
Fuck you anyways!

Yeah... nice question, asshole!

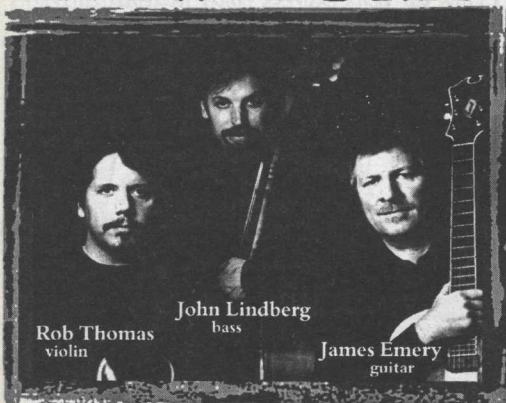


I express myself through creative facial hair and by listening to underground death & black metal bands...

...also, I'm asleep most nights by 10pm...



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radio free press zines, etc. by Bleek

DISORDER: A VIEW FROM SEATTLE

Music fanaticism can transform average, good children into obsessive psychos. Many may wind up being exposed to introductory bands which gate-way into full scale addiction in no time. 20 years ago we were all using needles. A pusher, also known as DJ 50-and-so, gave us the shit for free until we couldn't function without the junk. In short order we were dropping that needle onto our "tracks," leading us down intense paths pushing all the right buttons in our pleasure centres. This sort of gratification may result in severe lifestyle changes. Before you know it you're scouring bins of exotic record stores in every city you can get to. Parents have tearfully watched their children disappear into this underworld to become music journalists, musicians, DJs, or all of the above.

This sort of addiction has been my life for the last 20 years, really. While I've been experiencing a kind of leveling off recently (probably due to the hundreds of free CDs received through publishing a modest, music zine) I remember spending serious loads of cash in Seattle record stores while forgetting to even eat. Insatiable lust for the next weird thing kept me perusing music magazines for reviews. I guess I started realizing people were writing about this stuff in 1982, and in Seattle it was *The Rocket* magazine (R.I.P.) that kept most of us geeks informed.

Years later, never content, I went out my way to read about what other scenes were like and soon I was picking up *DISORDER* magazines every time I could find them, so I guess I've been a reader of this here zine for 15 of these 20 years. Although I forget more than I remember, I know that I was turned on to several favourite bands because of *DISORDER*, plus I got to read all the other columns and stuff from a Canadian perspective. I thought I was so cool. Back then if you were to tell me that I would be a Canadian citizen and be DJing at CTR and writing for *DISORDER* I would have said, "In what life?" Well,

that's why I'm here, and boy is it remarkably unglamorous, but you know, I wouldn't change it for all the gold in the world. Some records, maybe. I hope that there are more people like who feel as passionate about independent radio and magazines. After watching several favourite stations and magazines die over the years, I realized how endangered the cool things can be and got involved. Imagining life without all those influences, no matter how small we criticize them, is unthinkable. Now with more media belonging to fewer companies, making sure these humble resources remain available to the rest of us is paramount. If you have lived in a place without these things, you know what I mean. So here's hoping for at least 20 more years of *DISORDER*!

Now that we're back from holiday breaks I can finally inform you of some of the new items found in the Radio Free Press file. First, the new *I'M JOHNNY AND I DON'T GIVE A FUCK* is out now. Here's one zine in particular that keeps Vancouver on the seri-

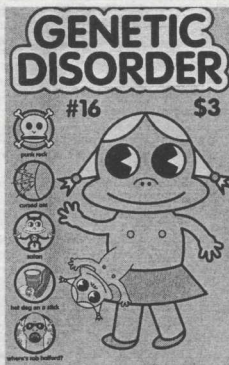
Vancouver, BC V5N 5T5, or get it in local stores for \$3.

Also in the mail (and it's been a good couple months for mail) was a new arts magazine from the Vancouver Art School. The 7 by 7 inch zine *WOOL* borrows its name of Emily Carr's monkey (touch it), and this kind of sets the tone for the sort of playfully random content, beautiful and random. There's lots of space devoted to visual art, appropriately enough, and I hope this continues. I like the comics and disposable nature of the writing which really groove with 2003's nihilistic, post everything media. Nardwuar's bio by Julia Feyrer looks like a resume someone would send to the Three Stooges. Cool You should be able to find this for free around town and they're promoting a website soon: www.eciad.bc.ca/wool Let's see... no, not there yet.

Big surprise when San Diego's *GENETIC DISORDER* zine came specifically to Radio Free Press. Funny stuff, especially for the fan of *Masplaf*, which shares some of the drunken abandon sort of humor. Lots of punk rock, databook on the exploits of Satan, cursed ass, and Where's Rob Halford? are some of the topics. Big, thick, obnoxious. Yum! \$3 US from PO Box 15237 San Diego, CA 92175 [www.geneticdisorder.net]

For the zine expert, beginner or just the curious, *ZINE GUIDE* #6 (\$8 for Canadians, PO/Box 5467, Evanston IL 60204) has the most mind-boggling content on zines, ever. Thousands of zines are listed (not reviewed), and editors, readers, and assholes galore are given space to comment on their favourites, which afterwards, along with surveys and indexes are compiled into the most anally-retentive look at a cultural phenomenon, even if it is dead. I already bought mine but I got a coupon in the mail for a couple bucks off if anyone wants it.

There's more, but time and space require me to say goodbye for now. I'm going to archive many of these RFP reviews in one big mass at [speckfanzine.Ocatch.com] for what it's worth.
Goodbye. •



ous punk/zine export map. Hailed as our own version of *Cometbus*, I'm Johnny... follows the perine-like journals of old-skool-punk Andy, and reads like a good novel. The miniature size of this zine, along with the generous thickness describes what the words "pocket-book" should mean. Send \$4 to Andy at PO Box 21533, 1850 Commercial Drive,

“



BEER HERE NOW

THE WIDOWS: DRUNK AND LOVING IT

Interview and Photo Agata and Anka Krzyzanowski

”

"Side by side with the human race runs another race of beings, the inhuman ones, the race of artists.... This race of individuals ransacking the universe, turning everything upside-down, their feet always moving in blood and tears, their hands always empty, always clutching and grasping for the beyond..."
Henry Miller, *Tropic of Cancer*

In this world where we are robbed of our identities we refuse to become faceless beings. Bound by a tremendous energy of inner rebellion we descend into the underground where in musical ecstasy we find the essence of our existence. Punk shows featuring The Widows are the entrance into the darkness of anarchy and chaos. The charismatic front man—Billy Hopeless—turns every concert into a refuge where freaks and outsiders find a sense of belonging. As the music creates a state of pure being, the moshpit becomes a manifestation of total self-expression. It's a moment and it's an eternity, it's pain and it's happiness, "it's dying but it's living at the same time" as Billy Hopeless says. Surrounded by a world of illusion The Widows are keeping it real, staying true to punk rock and true to themselves.

The Widows are: Billy Hopeless (vocals), Siobhan DuVall (guitar), Scott Farquharson (guitar), Graham Johnston (bass), Angela Creamer (drums).

What are your musical influences?

The Widows: Ramones, Sex Pistols, Stranglers, L7, '80s new wave, blues. Vancouver punk: DOA, Subhumans, Curious George.

Billy, what kind of message are you trying to send through your music?

Billy: The music is sending the message through me; it goes straight from the heart. It's about being honest and having a good time.

What does punk rock mean to you?

Billy: Doing what you believe in, not following a trend, and standing up for what you believe in no matter what everyone says.

Siobhan: If it wasn't for punk rock, my life would be a lot different than it is now. It had such an overwhelming impact on my life. Punk rock wasn't mainstream, it was young people from dysfunctional families being together, getting beat up. Nobody got beat up in mosh pits either. Now it's about fashion and music and then it was

a real sense of community.

Angie: It is like an extended family. I'm always taken care of and take care of people.

Graham: Punk is gonna stay; it is so wide ranging it's gonna be like blues. Blues keeps going on. Punk is fun to play. Just hit that fat string and you'll probably have fun, and you'll get a bit better as you go on.

Have you noticed any changes in the punk scene and the punk audience?

Billy: The commercial version of punk which is not really punk. It's more accepted now. People are more open to the music, but when something really crazy happens they're freaked out by it, which is good. It's important that the masses still don't get it. More young kids get into punk. Dead Kennedys and Ramones are on the Playstation so kids don't have to go and search.

Siobhan: You can play punk rock and potentially have a career and make money, which I don't think is bad. It's really cool that guys from Bad Religion make money for what they've been doing for 30 years.

How do you feel on stage?

Siobhan: Happy.

Billy: Now when my foot is broken and I can't drink I feel kinda... **Siobhan:** Sober?

Billy: Yeah, sober and confused. I don't really know how I feel, I just feel. You don't think about it, you just let go. I just feel whatever the music makes me feel. The amount of people doesn't matter; I feel the energy being exchanged.

Scott: If there's nobody at the show, we try to exchange the energy between each other and try to have a good time anyway.

Graham: I like the anticipation, the weird energy, the two minutes before I go on.

Is music a refuge from the outside world?

Billy: Oh yeah! Playing music is. You don't think about your problems, anything that is going on in your life is gone 'cause you're playing music.

Who are you?

Billy: I'm a fuck up showcase with a lack of talent walking along the boundary of failure.

Scott: I'm unqualified.

Siobhan: Siobhan DuVall. Guitar player, singer, doing my own

thing, animal advocate.

Angie: I don't know. That's what I wanna know. I'm a girl having lots of fun.

Graham: Father, musician, motorcycle rider, depends where I am... I'm me.

What is your life philosophy?

Billy: William Shakespeare hit it right in the nose. That's what it all comes down to: if you're true to yourself, you don't screw people around and you just do what you wanna do. Don't let anyone tell you what to do, just do your own thing and whether you screw up or succeed shouldn't matter. The important thing is how much fun you had doing it.

Siobhan: I'm a driven person. Unlike a lot of women, achieving my goals is more important to me than relationships. I wanna succeed in the music industry; I wanna learn how to fly planes. For me, being goal oriented is an important thing.

If you had your own radio show—no music, just spoken word—what would you talk about?

Siobhan: Responsible pet ownership.

Billy: It would be called *I'm Fucked up*. You're Okay. People would call me and tell me their problems, and I would tell them: "You've got problems? You ain't got problems like I've got problems!"

Angie: I would talk about how stupid everybody is.

Scott: I would just make fun of people I saw that day.

Graham: I would read the Hardy Boys books on the radio.

Do you believe in the philosophy of *Be Here Now*?

Angie: Beer here now! I believe in Beer Here Now.

Graham: Be anywhere but here now. I'm an escapist, I'm in my happy place... Stay true to your friends.

Scott: Keep your chin up and look to the future.

Siobhan: I would like to believe in *Be Here Now* but unfortunately I'm obsessed with the future. That's why I like touring. On tours you are who you are, crazy things happen, and you're totally relaxed. It's a great sense of freedom, and it's addictive.

Billy: I'm obsessed with the past. I believe in faith and the moment. When you're trying to plan the future, it usually is gonna screw up on you. I believe that life is like a feather on the wind. It's *Forrest Gump*: I'm a total Gump when it comes to this. I believe in living in a moment, not worrying about the future...

“

TALKING SURREAL BOLLOCKS

A CONVERSATION WITH EDDIE IZZARD

Interview by Merek Cooper

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Eddie Izzard is a strange one. No, he really is. Principally a stand-up comedian, Eddie rose to fame in his native Britain with an act consisting of endearing amateurish streams of consciousness which seemed to have been made up on the spot. Eddie, himself, describes his act as “talking surreal bollocks with added bollocks on top.” The way Eddie effortlessly skips around from topic to topic with no logical connections in between will make you feel that you could get up on stage and do this too. But don't be fooled: Izzard's ambling and befuddled demeanor hides a sharp if slightly off-kilter wit which is truly unique to him. He only has two voice impressions—James Mason and Sean Connery—and he gives these voices to almost every character, real or fictional, that should happen to drop into his wildly erratic focus. Any other comedian would be crucified for this, but in IzzardWorld this strict vocal dichotomy just plain fits. He also has a penchant for performing in French and, despite being nowhere near fluent, this didn't stop him embarking on an all-French language tour of France which went down like a lead balloon tied to the wedding tackle of a rather large African elephant. If this is not strange enough, Eddie also came out as an “Action Transvestite” at the beginning of his career in the early nineties. Weird? No. He just likes to wear women's clothes whenever he feels like it, and that includes makeup, too. It's not that he's gay or even awaiting a sex change, it's just his way of expressing the more feminine aspects of his heterosexual sexuality. Got that? Good.

Recent years have seen Izzard branch out and step away from his stand-up roots. Even though he's here in North America to promote Epitaph's DVD release of his 1998 stand-up show *Dress to Kill*, he's eager to talk about his burgeoning film career. He's played disposable henchman (*Mystery Men* and *The Avengers*), a transvestite soldier (*All the Queen's Men*), a film producer (*Shadow of the Vampire*) and most recently Charlie Chaplin (*The Cat's Meow*). I caught up with him on the phone from New York, where he was in the middle of a two-week promotional marathon.

DISORDER: Hi, how are you?

Eddie Izzard: Good, thank you. I'm out here in New York, promoting this DVD that's coming out.

How do people respond to you in North America? Do they tend to concentrate on the fact that you sometimes wear women's clothes?

Yeah, it's still early days here, so they will do that thing of going on and on about it. Maybe a third or a half of the interview might be on that because it's kind of odd and interesting to the interviewer. And then they move on to my work which, thankfully, they seem to like. They gave *Dress to Kill* two Emmys which is very bizarre, and it's been played on HBO for a year now. It keeps coming back up, so it's all going great. The next tour I'm gonna play 15,000 seats all over America.

You famously did some gigs totally in French. Will you be touring Europe again and trying again with the foreign language comedy?

Well, if you look on the *Dress to Kill* DVD it's got the French show on there, so it shows you where I'm up to in regards to learning French. Hopefully, I'll be touring France again next year.

I've heard you're learning German too, so you can perform a German language show. Is this true?

Yeah, I'm gonna do German as well.

I remember seeing a documentary of you doing the French show and it was almost painful to watch. Hasn't this experience scared you off?

No, that's the whole thing—you start off and it's scary and so you go back in, Robert the Bruce-like, to try and try again and then slowly you get better. I'm always crap when I start. But it was also that I had cameras there. I set it up wrong. And there were a number of things going on that I wasn't happy with for the first ever one. But I just thought, “fuck it, I'll do it,” and I was crap. But you know if you start crap you can't get any worse.

You've been putting stand up on the back burner recently and doing more dramatic acting roles?

Yeah, because I've been pushing to do dramatic work for... well that's what I wanted to do in the first place. And... err... you know this *Cat's Meow* film with Peter Bogdanovich.

Which I saw last night. A great performance by you.

Oh great. Thank you very much. I was really pleased with what I did, because my early stuff was not so good because it takes me time to learn technique. I've got a slow learning curve, but once I get the hang of it go, “ahh, this is what I was supposed to do” and I pick it up eventually.

Yeah, I've been watching some of your early stuff—*Mystery Men* for instance—and your performance as Charlie Chaplin in *The Cat's Meow* is a great improvement on that. Not that I want to slag you off or anything.

Well, absolutely not. It's better to have the truth be told because, y'know, in *Mystery Men* maybe there was one scene that I kinda liked, and some of *Circus*. *Shadow of the Vampire* people seemed to like even though I wasn't really happy with what I did.

In *Shadow of the Vampire*, I was totally happy with what you did. I just thought the film itself didn't work.

Oh right. I liked the film. But they did change it in the editing and made it into a different film. They obviously had some problems tinkering around trying to get it to work. It's quite an unusual film and I do just disappear from the story. People said “Yeah, where did you go?” I just went to the loo. Went to the loo and never came

back. I actually wrote a letter. There's actually a letter to try and explain where I've gone. But they never used it.

In *The Cat's Meow*, you play Charlie Chaplin. Did you study lots of his old footage?

No, not really, because I'd already studied him in '89. Actually, when it was the hundredth anniversary of his birth, I'd read all about him because I couldn't work out why people laughed at him and I didn't find him funny. I eventually found that if you watch him in a cinema—that's what the films are designed for, so that's what I did. I saw *City Lights*, and found that funny. I saw some of his earlier shorts and I found them funny. And I read his biography and I found it fascinating.

I always thought of him having a bad reputation for insemminating young girls but in this film he was almost the hero.

It's interesting, because in one way you could look at him as the hero. But other people have written and said: “Oh no, he was very ruthless in his trying to get kids into bed. A one track mind.”

It didn't seem to come across like that, I thought you made him quite a sympathetic character.

Well I'm not judging. I just realized that all the stuff in his films had nothing to do with this film. It was just two days he spent on a boat trying to get laid. And err... I think he'd just learned to how to flirt, in actual fact. Because I think that was his problem; that's why he kept getting off with 16-year-olds—because he didn't know how to talk to women. He didn't know how to talk them into bed.

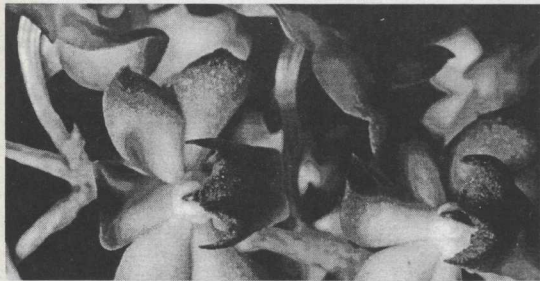
I read in interviews that like Chaplin you finally learned to flirt rather late in life.

Yeah, I was always bad at flirting. I lost the ability to flirt when I was a teenager. I was better at flirting when I was young—well, actually, I didn't even think about flirting; I just used to play kiss chase with girls. And when I left school I lost all that and only got it back in my twenties.

Notable Filmography:

A Revenger's Tragedy (2002)
All the Queen's Men (2001)
The Cat's Meow (2001)
Shadow of the Vampire (2000)
Circus (2000)
Mystery Men (1999)
Eddie Izzard: Dress to Kill (1998)
The Avengers (1998)
Velvet Goldmine (1998)
Eddie Izzard: Glorious (1997)
Eddie Izzard: Definite Article (1996)
Eddie Izzard: Unrepeatable (1994)
Eddie Izzard: Live at the Ambassadors (1993)

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STILL MAKING BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER

BRADY CRANFIELD AND NICK KRGOVICH
TALK ART AND AESTHETICS

Interview by Susy Webb

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"Beautiful" is a word that exists in the shady realm between poignancy and cliché. Used to catalogue banalities and fill out stock linguistic forms, ("What a beautiful day!" "Beautiful car you've got there.") it just as often effectively describes the few moments of transcendence that our imprecise human sensibilities pick up on. I sat down with Brady Cranfield (The Secret Three, etc.) and Nick Krgovich (piano, Burquitlam Plaza, etc.) to hash out this argument as it relates to the upcoming Beautiful Music festival, to be held this February 14th through 16th at the Sugar Refinery, in the luxurious (read: free and dry) lounge of a downtown hotel. I was lucky enough to listen to these two up-and-coming young musicians discuss genuine musical beauty vs. "self-conscious preciousness," the best-looking bands in town, and who first got the pair of blue sneakers they were both wearing. [The last argument was edited out for purposes of taste. —DISORDER]

Brady, you're the main organizer. How long has the festival been going on, and why did you decide to start it up?

Brady: I think this is the fourth year.

Nick: Yeah... [They both burst into laughter, as the sports fans in the lounge bar start to cheer...]

Brady: Is there a game on tonight?

Nick: I think it's a repeat.

Brady: They're watching a repeat, and they're actually getting mad like that?

That's not the TV? Are those actually real people?

Brady: Yeah, they're real people.

Wow. People care so much about such stupid shit.

Brady: [sighs] Yeah, it's true. Like beautiful music, for example. So yeah, this is I think the fourth year, and I started it, I guess for the same reason I guess I do everything—because I care about music. I guess that sounds trivial and naive, but that's the reason why I did it. There's so much wonderful, excellent music in this city that just needs to be heard.

So, Nick, this is your fourth year performing in the festival. Your band, piano, I imagine gets described as beautiful all the time.

Brady: Except behind his back...

Thanks, Brady. Seriously, Nick, what's your take on that? What do you think beautiful music really is?

Nick: I guess it's different for different people. I have a few problems with the concept of "beautiful music." There's so much easy listening stuff available, as opposed to music that's more challenging or substantial. And for me, hopefully, beautiful music is when something challenging and substantial comes together with something that sounds genuinely beautiful, as opposed to just pretty chords and pretty singing. For me, beautiful music is always something that contains some sort of evil, something wrong underneath it, as opposed to something...

Happy, light, easy?

Nick: Yeah.

Brady: When the festival started, there was a similar aesthetic in mind. There was a festival being held in London organized by the band Labradford called the Festival of Drifting. It was bands that

were more ambient in character, music that wasn't necessarily delicate or pretty, but instead subtle, understated. At first, that was an aesthetic that I tried to cultivate, but over the years it's become more of a pop music festival. I think it'll become more and more like that, still with certain things in mind. Smaller combos, smaller in terms of density and sound level. piano returns again and again, because their sound captures the spirit of the festival as it's been. I could see it becoming more of a Yoyo A Gogo type of affair, maybe if I were a more organized person. But the idea of beautiful music is entirely subjective, and the festival will grow to incorporate a variety of music types, and not just the clichéd ideas of what constitutes beauty.

I know you're involved in a lot of other stuff, Brady, like several other bands. What are they?

Nick: [scoffs, laughing in disbelief]

Watch it, I'll make you list yours, too!

Nick: No!

Brady: Well, let's see. There's The Secret Three. There's Video Tokyo. There is Cowbell, which is electronic stuff I do. There's the Countless lies, which is the practice I just came back from.

Who else is in that one?

Brady: It's kind of a novelty, probably just a one-off show. It's got a bunch of people who work at Zulu with me, everyone who wants to be in the band. Plus Steve Ballo. I can't think of what else. Oh! Sparrow. Drumming for Sparrow's pop group.

Nick: Mimi's Ami!

Brady: Fuck! Mimi's Ami! I think that's it.

Nick: Yeah, that's it.

So which one is the most beautiful?

Brady: Well, I'm pretty lucky, because I think they're all really beautiful.

Nick: I vote for Mimi's Ami.

Brady: Yeah, Mimi's Ami is pretty beautiful; The Secret Three is beautiful, and I like to think Video Tokyo is beautiful in its own dirty, rock sort of way. But um, the ones that would play the festival are The Secret Three, Mimi's Ami or Sparrow.

I'm surprised that The Secret Three aren't playing.

Brady: Well, oftentimes I end up doing too much, and it's hard to enjoy what I'm participating in. Although, I am going to help The Department, playing the drums. But that doesn't count as a band, really.

Yeah, yeah sure.

Brady: I mean, if he wants me to fill in for him, I'll fill in. It's not a band, I swear!

As far as the Vancouver scene goes, who do you think the most beautiful bands are? This can be physical, musical, whatever...

Brady: The best-looking bands... I'd say that it's easier to say best-looking musicians. I'd say that Chris Harris would be right up there at the top of the list. He's sort of unhealthy-looking, which is quite striking.

Glamorous? Heroin chic?

Brady: Some people might want to take care of him. Scott Malin is really good-looking.

Nick: [laughing] Why don't you just say the entire Secret Three?

Brady: Well, I don't think Rob and I really compare. [What charming modesty! However, definitely unimpressed —Susy]

How about you, Nick?

Nick: I'd say Jerk With a Bomb, on all counts.

Brady: Yeah. They might be the best band in Vancouver right now.

Nick: I think they are. Then why aren't they playing the festival?

That's a good question.

Brady: Mostly it's because they're really fucking loud, and because of the sound problems with the Sugar Refinery. With their new downstairs neighbours, certain things are not encouraged. Louder bands disturb their environment. Maybe if Beautiful Music was in a different place.... Like what I was saying earlier, imagining it as something bigger, with a little more variety, Jerk With a Bomb would be a first on my list. I can't get enough of their music.

We take a break, deciding to have a quick drink before calling it a night. As we walk down the street, Nick rhapsodizes about Glenn Gould's skill at giving pithy sound bites. Brady mentions how hopped up the pianist was on various drugs, and Nick considers this as a possible means to giving better interviews. A drink is definitely in order. We arrive at the Morrissey, where we imbibe Boilemmakers, a drink introduced to me by that great drinking expert and Beautiful Music performer, Jon-Rae Fletcher. More philosophical thoughts about beauty follow naturally...

Nick: Well, my ideas about music have changed over time.

Brady: When you first played you were what, like twelve years old? [Nick was 16 when he first performed at Beautiful Music —DISORDER]

Now life has changed? You've become harder?

Nick: No, it's just that....

Brady: Sweet music is easy to do....

Nick: Remember what you pointed out about the word "understated" before? I find that to be a really important word. There are so many bands out today that are hitting people over the head with how precious and sweet their songs are. It's really terrible thing if those things get lumped in with what Brady's trying to put together. Because there's a huge difference.

Brady: It's the difference that four years might make to you, I think. As an aesthetic matures within itself, it becomes more rigid, more of a performance. I think you're absolutely right. There's way too much music that's self-consciously precious. But at the same time there's a lot of music that self-consciously rocks....

Nick: I was also thinking about the mood four years ago, when the Beautiful Music notion was on the tip, just coming into being. Right now, that's not so much the case, in the greater music world as well. It seems less timely now, but still not any less important.

Brady: Wow. That's good.

Nick: Yeah, that was a good quote. Wow.

That was a good quote. Well, anything else to add?

Brady: No, I'm going to stop there.

Beautiful •

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HOW TO GET A NUN PREGNANT

RUMINATIONS WITH BRUCE MCCULLOCH

Interview by Luke Meat, Introduction by Chris Eng



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Bruce McCulloch is an actor. He is a comedian. He is a director. He is a musician. Bruce McCulloch was a member of *Kids In The Hall*. He enjoys booze. He likes rock and dirty jokes. He has a new album called *Drunk Baby Project*.

Writing an intro for Bruce McCulloch is like writing an introduction for the Prime Minister. Almost everyone already knows who he is, so why bother? The only difference is that most people like Bruce McCulloch. And he likes you too—provided you bring the hooch.

DISORDER: When was the last time you wore a dress?

BRUCE MCCULLOCH: With the Kids in the Hall tour. It was about six months ago...no, who am I kidding—it was last week. If I think that there may be a burglar outside, I put on a dress so that hopefully they won't kill me; they'll like me instead.

On your new album *Drunk Baby Project* there is a track entitled "For the Ladies," in which you describe having sex with a woman while your mom listens in on the speakerphone. Has she heard this yet?

She has... it's just something you've got to do. That song is so out there, that I don't think my mom thinks that I actually do that. Bits like that are not actually based on my life, it's more like a weird old man that likes watching women dance around in '50s style lingerie. It's based on who I am and what I see, but it's mostly theoretical.

You also pull out an old gem, "The Hangover"...

That is an old gem! We dug that out because Craig Northey (from The Odds), who plays on the record with us—"The Hangover" was always one of his favorites, so we kinda fooled around with it in the studio...

That being said, have you pissed the bed yet this year?

No, I've been very well behaved.

What is your drink of choice Bruce?

Bourbon wienies. Two ounces of bourbon and four wieners.

Being from Calgary, have you seen the movie *FUBAR* yet, and did 16 February 2002

it hit close to home at all?

Yeah! I thought it was excellent! It reminded me of the guys that used to beat me up rather than the guys that got beat up. I used to wear heavy metal t-shirts and lumberjack shirts just because I thought everyone was wearing them. Someone had to come up to me and [say] "you dress like a banger." I just thought they were nice warm shirts. I never realized that it was a look.

What was your directorial debut?

We did a little thing called *Thirty Second Stories* which was on video, and I'm kind of a pig, so I could do like, six in a day. Brian Connelly from Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet did all the cardboard puppets and all the puppeteering.

Will you ever direct another black and white scene?

Possibly. This is why it's easier to make records, because it's hard to have outlets for weird little things. I've directed three movies in five years and realized that I don't like directing so much. A record only takes a couple of weeks to do, rather than two years. I'd like to do some other weird little things; I just don't know what they are yet.

Now that you've moved on to Hollywood, have you maintained your surrealist directorial ethic?

It's really hard. The great thing about doing short films is that they can become "style pieces." It's a rough landscape to do an entire "weird movie," so I kind of sneak things in. For example in *Superstar* I had all the cars be green Volkswagen Bugs. It's more in the detail. I think you have to sneak it in more with American movies.

You've always been outspoken about your hatred of reggae and jazz music. What's in the CD player right now?

I don't know, lets go take a look... now that I'm making the big Hollywood dollars I can now afford one of them fancy 5 disc things... Lets see... Clem Snide... Nick Lowe... and The Guess Who's greatest hits.

Since September 11th, is there a way to remain satirical without being perceived as "anti-American" or a "terrorist

sympathizer?"

It's weird... it's not a very subversive time right now, that's for sure. On the last Kids in The Hall tour we had a new skit, which is about how all the firemen get all the pussy. It's like, "if you don't put out for firemen then the terrorists win," and that went over really well; people loved it. But is that talking to "mainstream America"? I don't really think so. We're only performing for 2500 people a night. Since working down here (USA), I've noticed that confrontational ideas are really hard to get across to the general public. I think sentiment needs to be clear in a general way so that Americans will understand it. The most subversive news program here is 60 Minutes.

For the uninitiated, can you please tell us who Reid Diamond was, and how his death affected you?

Well... he was my brother. He was the guy in *Almost Famous* who loved rock more than anything else. He made me want to move to Toronto. He taught me how to have expressive thoughts. I don't want to say that there wouldn't be Kids in The Hall without him, but... he was the one that taught me that life can be as weird or artistic as you want it to be.

Do fans still approach you and quote skits, and if so, how do you deal with them?

I'm a very private person. I thought at the beginning of my career that that would end my life. It's not like someone approaching you in a club; it's like when you're coming home at three in the afternoon with some KFC and this total stranger walks up to you and pretends to know you just because they saw you on TV. The thing that I realized is our fans aren't like Julio Iglesias fans, they're kind of cool cats and weirdos and I realized that I really like them.

Can you tell us your favorite joke?

Um... it's very dirty....

C'mon...

How do you get a nun pregnant?

Um... Fuck her?

Yeah! You fuck her!

“

ORDER FROM DISCORDER

MAKING SENSE OF TWENTY YEARS WORTH OF DISCORDANT RAMBLINGS.



A humble program guide is born. it stumbles, takes its first steps, haltingly makes it through childhood and then is suddenly twenty and getting kicked out of its parents' house for having a kegger and kicking in the door to the bathroom. Or something.

Consider these seven pages a scrapbook, then, chock full of snapshots taken somewhat randomly throughout the course of its life. We should all be so lucky if we come off half as well as this little mag, or manage to not get thrown out of our parents' house.

Either one. Happy anniversary, DISCORDER.

”

All of us at Point Grey's finest radio station are pleased to present *Discorder*. Caution though! *Discorder* is not meant to be taken on its own. Chances are, that if this mag is read in its entirety by a non-listener, terrible things might happen; bewilderment, nausea, or even death. For this reason we advise that *Discorder* be cut with 100% pure CTR. One part *Discorder* to nine parts CTR. Simple. Remember though, don't get carried away with *Discorder*. Its purpose is not to curb your aural fixation, but to enhance it.

So what is *Discorder*? Why does a radio station put out a program guide? Essentially, to improve communication, and isn't that what radio is all about? By improving communication everyone benefits. Publishing this guide means that you'll be able to read about the music that CTR playlists and to find out when CTR broadcasts its various features. At the same time *Discorder* gives us (the people behind the dials) a chance to hear from you. Something on your mind? Write to the *Airhead*. He wants to hear from you. Hopefully *Discorder* will reflect not only what happens at Vancouver's alternative music station, but what happens in the city itself so far as music, entertainment, and innovation are concerned.

Now that you know what *Discorder* is, I'll tell you a few things about CTR. CTR is UBC's student radio station which broadcasts from the Point Grey campus. Because the station is licenced as a low power operation, some parts of the city get better reception than others. If you can't get us at precisely 101.9 FM, even with an antenna, you're in a sound warp and will have to plug into your cablevision outlet and tune to 100.1 FM. (Call CTR or the cable company for details.)

CTR is a non-profit, non-commercial station. Money comes from two sources: directly from student's pockets via Alma Mater Society fees, and from off-air activities undertaken by the station. These things include playing music in UBC's Pit and hiring out our mobile sound service. The station is run by about 100 volunteers (with one full-time, paid employee) who are mostly UBC students. Membership is open to everyone: students and non-students. Your support and help is always needed, so if you are interested, why not drop by?

Being a non-commercial station, CTR is free to explore the vast realm of today's music which is located just beyond the sight (or should I say "sound") of most other stations. Our Playlist is not generated by a computer from somewhere

"back east" or down "south." We are not afraid of playing music or airing spoken word material that transcends what commercial programmers view as the "proper norm." CTR has been an alternative music station since the mid-seventies and we know that there are no "proper norms" for music or anything else. We also know that a large segment of the city's population is sick of listening to the same old tried-and-true sounds of commercial radio. You now know that an alternative exists. As one longtime CTR deejay recently remarked, "We have no target market, we have nothing to sell. Our market is anyone who wants to listen." Nuff said.

If it all goes well, *Discorder* will be your monthly guide to CTR. It will continue to be free and will be available at some of Vancouver's finest locations. Wasn't the place you got this one nice? Till March 1st then, keep listening. CTR is designed to satisfy you aurally.

Michael Mines, editor
February, 1983

What he said. Well, pretty darn close, anyway.
Chris Eng, editor
February, 2003

“



Most Interviewed Person: Jean Smith

Congratulations on 20 years of documenting, supporting and creating Vancouver's music scene! For the next 20 years of Discorder I predict a better sense of collaboration between musicians, artists and the community by the development of creative alliances for touring, booking, promoting, dental care, disability and equipment insurance. That's what I'm working on. Hey, can I set up an interview to discuss these plans? (...just kidding...)

— Jean Smith, Mecca Normal

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THE FACTS

How many sleepless nights does it take to make an index?

Number of issues: 237.

Number of issues the editor read while compiling this issue: All of them.

Number of hours editor spent reading old issues: 176.

Times hands washed to get rid of cheap black ink: Incalculable.

Number of editors over the past twenty years: 20.

Longest tenure as editor: Miko Hoffman (August '96-June '99) She kept it in and kept it in and kept going and didn't stop. No screaming, no punching the walls—Miko Hoffman, professional editing machine.

Shortest: There were a couple of one month blips on the radar. "I'm expected to do what? Uh, see ya."

Number of production managers: 10. First we didn't have one, then we did. Then we got rid of the position and split it up for a few years. Then we reinstated it. Then we canned it, demoted it to "Production Assistant," and waited a few years before promoting them back. Gone again. Back. Nope, no respect ever.

Definition of a production manager: "Doing everything and not knowing what the fuck is going on."—Merek Cooper, current production manager

Number of interviews run: 1213.

Most devoted contributor: Janis McKenzie. Got her first column, *Demo Derby*, in September, 1985. She still writes for us. We love Janis, even if she's totally mad.

Longest running columnist: Tania Bolskaya's *Video Philter* (June 1992-August 2000). How many movies can you cover in eight years? A lot.

First movie reviewed: *Repo Man* (#20, Sep. '84). How's that for cred?

Regular feature whose name has never changed: Airhead.

Longest-running advertiser: Zulu Records (#1, Feb. '83).

Most outdated position: Typesetter.

Most outdated job still done: Paste-up.

Longest-outdated piece of equipment still used in printing process: Mimeograph machine. (Just kidding.)

Number of years since Vancouver stopped being fun: If you trust the writers, it was never fun.

Number of years since DISORDER stopped being fun: If you trust the readers, it was never fun.

Ages of core staff (Editor, Art Director, Production Manager, Ad Rep) when DISORDER debuted: 9, 4, 6, 8. No, they're not in any particular order, and we're not going to tell you who is who.

First tabloid issue: #80, September '89. Is bigger better, or does size even matter at all?

Number of times Grant Lawrence used the word "fuck" during his tenure as 7' reviewer (April '92-June '95): 46.

"Shit": 47.

"Jizz": 1.

The phrase "take a long hard suck on the cheesy end of my dirty fuck-stick": 1.

Number of times Julie Colero used the word "fuck" during her tenure as 7' reviewer (July '99-Aug '01): 3.

"Shit": 4.

"Crab": 5.

"Poo": 3.

"Spazz": 5.

The phrase "prolapsed anus": 0.

Three most amazing interviews: Hunter S. Thompson (#42), William S. Burroughs (#67), Allen Ginsberg (#29). DISORDER: *The Heart of Underground Literature*.

Most inexplicable interview: U2 (#6, Jul. '83). DISORDER: *Home For Irish Wanderers To Talk About How Much They Want To Be Popular*.

Most interviewed band: NoMeansNo (5 times, 4 + 1 as the Hanson Brothers).

Most interviewed person: Jean Smith (5 times, 3 with her and 2 with her band, Mecca Normal).

Most conspicuous band we've never interviewed: The Evaporators. (C'mon, Narduar works up here—how much nepotism do you think goes on between CTR and DISORDER? Yeah, you're probably right, but we do try to keep up appearances.)

Longest dormant rivalry in need of resuscitation: CTR vs. CFOX.

Most gratuitously promoted religion: Church of the SubGenius (#59, Dec. '87). We gave them the centre spread. And not even an article—we reprinted one of their propaganda pamphlets verbatim! Well, in retrospect, we suppose it could have been the Raellians.

Best non-interview: Crass (#22, Nov. '84). We didn't even interview them; we interviewed some guy who hung out with them.

Most shit we've ever publically given a writer: The Werner Herzog non-interview (#159, Apr. '96). Apparently Mark didn't turn in his Werner Herzog interview, so we ran a blank page with this accompanying text written in huge jiffy Marked letters: "This month... DISORDER goes interactive! To access our feature on WERNER HERZOG please call xxx-1403. Ask for Mark... and speak abusively." Except we printed his whole number that time. Because we at DISORDER abhor tardiness and irresponsibility. Columnists take note.

Most bizarre contest we've run: "Where's Billie's Willie?" (#153, Oct. '95) We hid Billie Joe from Green Day's penis somewhere in the magazine. If you could find it, you could win free tickets to a show! Did you find it? Did you even want to look at the magazine after that?

Number of times Bif Naked has appeared on the cover: 1, with her band Gorilla Gorilla (#99, Apr. '91).

Most intriguing Bif Naked quote: "I just want to be me. Jessica Rabbit, Exene, Madonna, Rosanne Barr, and Billie Holiday rolled into one."

Most dramatic changeover of core staff: March 2001, all women; December 2002, all men.

THEY SAID WHAT?

Famous people said stuff and we quoted them on it.

"Well, what happens is Allison sprays Binaca into people's mouths, and I take a Polaroid of it as it's happening. And we study the results and determine whether or not that person is a robot based on their reaction." —Chris of Paper Moon explains one of their extra-band hobbies. (#236, Dec. '02)

"There's not a lot going on there and it closes really early. I love Montreal for that—for its happening... cultural... heroin access." —David Cross on Toronto's night life. (#235, Nov. '02)

"We have groupies. Mostly... male. I don't have to tell anyone what the ratio is between male and female gaming people and computer geeks. Because that's our core audience—I'd be the first to admit it." —Toren Atkinson, *Darkest of the Hillside Thickets* (#234, Oct. '02)

"Winnipeg=depressing. The owner of the venue looked like half Woody Allen and half Sinead O'Connor. I also threw a tuna fish sandwich at a 13 year old boy. (I swear he flipped me off)" —Tour diary entry from *The Gossip's* Brice Paine. (#234, Oct. '02)

"Big wheels and little pants, not big pants and little wheels." —Bangs' Sarah Utter on skateboarding. (#233, Sept. '02)

"Conquer everywhere. Today, Mission; tomorrow, Comox." —Spreadingeagle's plans for world domination. (#233, Sept. '02)

"We owe fuckin' RAD-itude to beers at 7am, and fucking skating naked down hills, just your average bullshit. Just livin' gnar. It's our lifestyle, man." —Jonny, *STREETS* (#230, June '02)

"I think it's more important to feed people on Hastings Street than go to a demo made up of mostly middle-class people who can afford to eat on their own." —Jeff Kraft of *The Attack on Food Not Bombs*. (#230, June '02)

"When I used to go see Iron Maiden it scared the shit out of me. They were telling a scary story and I didn't know what was gonna happen next. I think that's really absent from the current music scene. It's gotten much too boring." —Al Johnson, *US Maple*. (#228, Apr. '02)

"We're not a keyboard band. We're an organ band. There is a difference. The organ weighs approximately 2500 lbs." —The Organ (#227, Mar. '02)

"Any record where the drummer is the weirdest looking dude in the group, that's a good record. If the drummer has buckteeth or a tooth growing out of his forehead, buy that record." —Jeff Spec, *City Planners* (#226, Feb. 02)

"We believe that heckling is a lost art in and of itself. If there is someone who can come up with creative heckles, welcome! In Calgary we had some guy shouting out Iron Maiden and Judas Priest songs to some Cam sang the first line of every song and he shut up." —3 Inches of Blood (#226, Feb. 02)

"I've always been a huge fan of his work, as well as the amazing, almost superhuman ability he exhibited in living both a sybaritic, extremely debauched life, coupled with an unflinching dedication to his work. I don't know how he did it: drinking and other sensual pursuits until four AM, then working in the studio until noon or so, then sleeping a few hours, then repeating the process. It's really heroic, in a way." —Michael Gira on Francis Bacon. (#225, Dec. 01)

"As long as they don't shoot me, I don't care. If they shoot me I hope they're good shooters; I don't want to be paralyzed and live." —Udo Kier on obsessive fans. (#221, Aug. 01)

"We don't have any particular political agendas, apart from attempting to overthrow the monarchy and to introduce communism. And to make sure that women don't go anywhere. Make sure." —Stuart, *Mogwai* (#220, July 01)

"There was the Woodstock concert a few years back and I went to it thinking, 'Wow, this will be neat.' It will restore the vision of the original Woodstock where people were saying the system is fucked up but we're going to fight against the system but be good to one another. But when I got to Woodstock it was like a bunch of bands on stage getting the crowd to chant 'Show us your tits' to every girl that was pulled up on stage, and I was thinking, 'God, where have we come?' —Michael Franti (#220, July 01)

"We were originally all nurses at this hospital. We didn't know each other, but we kept on getting in trouble because we kept making out with all the patients—the comatose ones—we were making out with them all the time. Finally they caught us and kicked us out, and we thought, 'What are we going to do if we can't be nurses?' So what better thing to do than start a band?" —Katie Lapi, *Operation Makeout* (#215, Mar. 01)

"We were raised... to say there is no God is the only unforgivable sin. So that's the only thing I won't do." —Beth, *The Gossip* (#214, Feb. 01)

"Jealousy, I could get into a club in Margaret Street, The Speakeasy. He couldn't. I was drunk and he just kicked the shit out of me. Hurt too." —Simon Fisher Turner on getting boot-fucked by Sid Vicious. (#214, Feb. 01)

"War is bad. There's not much else to say—although there have been some amazing technical advances because of war. Like magnetic tape. Imagine a world without magnetic tape." —The Lollies (#212, Nov. 00)

"DISORDER isn't afraid to publish what the people say. And you guys often swear a lot." —Paul Pimley (#212, Nov. 00)

"I have been approached, and I've turned it down because I could afford to. There may come a time. I've always turned it down because I think my relationship is between myself and my audience, not between some fucking ad agency and their clients and burgers and jeans." —Matt Johnson of *The The* on licensing. (#212, Nov. 00)

"I was speaking with someone yesterday who said that Trinidad played well against Canada and beat them, and I said to him, 'Did you know that I played football [soccer] when I was in school in Jamaica for the school team?' I actually played on one of the Jamaican teams, and he couldn't believe it." —Byron Lee (#211, Oct. 00)

"That border is the biggest hassle. We never get that kind of trouble anywhere else. In Italy, when they searched us with dogs it wasn't as big a hassle. And they found the drugs." —Spencer Moody of *The Murder City Devils* on the US/Canadian border. (#211, Oct. 00)

"The scene is shit. There's nowhere to play, probably because there are no good promoters. And there's maybe five good bands to see, tops." —Ryan of *The Spiffins* on Vancouver. (#210, Sep. 00)

"All of our influences you've never heard of, we're that cool. We're so cool that we're influenced by bands that you wouldn't know." —Ernie, *Removal* (#210, Sep. 00)

"I mentioned Berlin... It was a music festival, many bands a few (indoor) venues. Some of the bands were staying at the same hotel. We go off and do the gig... got back, found no one at the hotel, broke into the kitchen (stole the key), made ourselves a fry-up, looked at the register, found Hole listed as staying, borrowed the hotel keys for their room, broke in, rifled through their belongings, found a paperback, tore out the last page, found a passport, put a salami slice in the middle, put all back as untouched, went back to the kitchen, did washing up, replaced all keys, left all as untouched, went back to rooms and played cricket with oranges and baguettes." —Brid, *Monochrome Set* (#209, Aug. 00)

"I once did a show in Philadelphia and some poor soul came up afterwards and said he wouldn't listen to anything but *Mecca Normal*. I thought, 'Oh God, I don't know what to say to you, guy.'" —Jean Smith, *Mecca Normal* (#208, July 00)

"The farthest we've travelled to play was the tour we did across downtown Vancouver! We played the Brickyard on a Thursday and the Pic on a Friday. Wow. It's been rough being together that long. We fought, the van broke down somewhere on the way, and Craig choked on a chicken wing." —Sandra, *Lavish* (#208, July 00)

"Kids rock. Older people might stay away 'cause they can't have a beer, but we encourage old people to drink in their cars before the show. It's cheaper and more fun. There's no one to put a limit on you. So drink on up and come in. Drink like crazy—responsibly, please." —Kept of the Groove *Ghouls* on all-ages shows. (#204, Mar. 00)

"I'm starting a new world order with other Jews. We Kill Everybody." —Atom of *Atom and His Package* on his plans for Christmastime. (#202, Dec. 99)

"That's probably correct; I mean, I don't count 'em, but somewhere around that number. I have a big suitcase full of tapes of songs, and we recently went through them and tried to put 'em on CDs. Well, we went through maybe one-eighth of the box and that was 150 songs right there." —Bob Pollard of *Guided By Voices* on having written over 2500 songs. (#200, Oct. 99)

"The thing in England was that we were 'twice,' and you couldn't be twice and right grrrr. You can't have a two riot. One's all about shouting and making a fuss, and the other's all about sitting embarrass-edly aside." —Cathy, *Marine Research* (#200, Oct. 99)

"I always wanted to go into Bukowski's and act like Charles Bukowski, you know? Just piss on tables and get into fights and barf all over the place." —Andy, *Submission Hold* (#199, Sep. 99)

"It WAS cheesy! But it was a lot of fun, because you don't often get to experience something like that. At one point, the dancers stopped dancing because they couldn't understand or relate to a certain song I was playing. During the show I kept on thinking to myself, 'What am I doing here?' —Fantastic Plastic Machine on playing *Electric Circus*. (#191, Dec. 98)

"The Disfigures' final breakup was due to sexual tensions caused by three boys and one girl (and I mean in the literal sense). Two of the boys had the same name, so we were never sure which Jeff was being referred to during those orgasmic yelps." —Jeff Mcloy, *Disfigurements* (#189, Oct. 98)

"There was a woman named Helen from Washington, DC with bangs. She had moved to San Francisco and become a firewoman." —Will Oldham on the early history of the *Palace Brothers*. (#189, Oct. 98)

"We portray righteous living. But we ain't monks. Peaceful living. But we are militant. If we have to go down, we will go down fighting for what we believe in." —Black Anger on the messages that they portray. (#187, Aug. 98)

"I think it was Chris Manfrin from Seam who once told us our music was 'the soundtrack to chubby mammals wrestling.' I'd say probably that most of our songs are derived from variations on *The A-Team* theme song." —Jay, *Dianogah* (#184, Jun. 98)

"I'm really into slam dancing, 'cause I think it's like the total homoerotic, masochistic thing. I think it's great, but I want them to recognize that and say, 'Hey, you know what? I like guys and I like male bonding, and I'm into it, and I wanna touch their weenies and stuff,' but they won't admit it. I can't get them to admit it. It's so frustrating. You know, everyone needs to take a dick up the ass once in a while." —Ronnie of *Final Conflict* on testosterone-laden mosh-pit guys. (#183, May 98)

"Flipper, Tantarum, Slade. They are handsome and flirty. They work hard for the money. Me and Les just kick back and wait for the

babes to come to us, but they never do. I think it's cause we are rad and girls are intimidated by radness. Is it that or are we dog meat?" —Lynn Breedlove of *Tribe 8* on who in the band gets the most babes. (#183, May 98)

"I never go to a club to see a show. I rarely do that. I pretty much stick to my own music. I don't even listen to very many CDs or anything... At leisure I'm usually watching a hockey game on TV... I'm the most ordinary person in the world. I'm about as boring as your dad. Maybe even more so." —Rob Wright, *NoMeansNo* (#182, Apr. 98)

"I was riding the bus today and I was thinking about that. I spend a lot of time thinking about death... I didn't need to, I'm not a goth chick. I remember riding a bus heading to Utah. We got into Salt Lake City and the thrill was that there had been a dead guy on the bus. They had figured it out, but they hadn't told anybody except for the guy in the back who was sitting next to him. They just moved that guy and told him not to tell anybody and put a blanket over the dead guy and left him at the back of the bus." —Joy MacLachlan (#181, Mar. 98)

"There were a lot of guys in Detroit—music producers, obviously all men—that I would hang around with. And even if I would ask them, 'Could you teach me how to program your 808?' they would say no. I couldn't even touch their machines. Yet another guy could come over who probably had less of a musical interest than I did and he would be able to be alone in the room with it, while there was no way I could touch any of the machines, like there was some kind of woman virus. I can't understand that; my mom could program and 808 if I gave her ten minutes." —Rachael Kozak (#181, Mar. 98)

"It seems like as it gets closer and closer to the millennium there'll be more surveillance and people watching each other 'til it gets to the point where everyone has surveillance devices and cameras. Then, at that point, it'll be obvious that everyone can't be everywhere at once watching the screens where the cameras are projecting back to. So then the people will realize that the surveillance cameras are just the same as our eyes. Everyone has the cameras, everyone needs their eyes to watch them—you might as well just use your eyes." —Miranda July (#178, Nov. 97)

"The only time you don't have to answer the phone is when you're having sex—outside of that, you gotta answer the phone." —John, *Mountain Goats* (#174, July 97)

"Some kids should try hash and realize that it should never go any heavier than that." —Mark, *Elevator To Hell* (#174, July 97)

"I've got about a zillion started novels. I've got about the first fifteen pages of about ten novels... Maybe with the next record there'll be the first pages of ten novels. People can fill in the blanks. Who am I to oppress their imaginations?" —Cecil Seaskull, *Nerdy Girl* (#174, July 97)

"Jack shit nothing. But eating candy is pretty good." —Lois on what beats love. (#172, May 97)

"When I went over to London in '86, a lot of us would put Canadian flags on our backpacks because we didn't want to get shit about Ronald Reagan! No, I'm not American, eh! What do you know, you fuckin' limey!" —Tom, *Squirrel Nut Zippers*. (#172, May 97)

"We don't really have any interest in taking over this planet. It'd be kind of like the equivalent of you guys taking over anywhere in New Jersey." —Birdstuff, *Man... Or Astronaut?* (#172, May 97)

"From the old Woodward's department store, we stole the coin-operated, riding vibrating pony. We hoisted it into our van, Vageana, which broke down only a block away from Woodward's. She had to have a hysterectomy so we left her at the side of the road, and we rode the Woodward's pony all the way home! And it only cost 10 cents." —Revula (#172, May 97)

"There's something candy-ass about that, that roller-blade hockey. I mean, 'I'm on, get out there at 40 below and use the buffalo chips for a puck.'" —Robbie Hanson, *Hanson Brothers* (#169, Feb. 97)

"My only Valentine's day suggestion is: don't be shy." —Calvin Johnson (#169, Feb. 97)

"I'm really tired of hearing everybody—right down to people that we don't even know—saying, 'You guys are gonna be really huge, I can't wait.' Well, here I am still waiting, still waiting. After every show, everybody's like, 'Fuck, you guys are gonna be huge...' It's like, still waiting, still waiting..." —Renee, *Ten Days Late* (#168, Jan. 97)

"You know, I'm not really into technology. VCRs maybe. I don't

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DISCORDER BEST COVERS

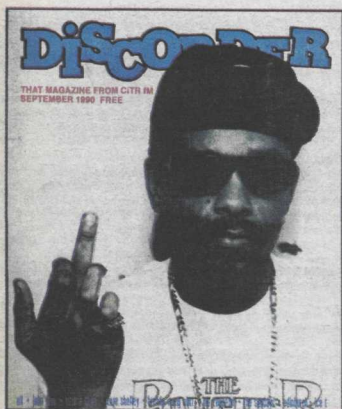
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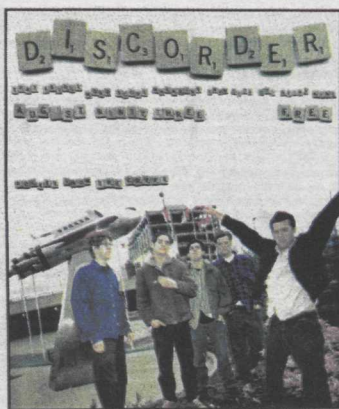
March 1988



June 1989



September 1990



August 1993



May 1994

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MOST INTERVIEWED BAND: NOMEANSNO

We've always found support in publications like yourselves and it is always appreciated so cheers to you and your lot. Hopefully we both have a few more years left in us and anytime you want to make it six just give us a call.

- John Wright, NoMeansNo

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like computers very much. I don't trust them. They change how you think. I was eavesdropping on my old boss and she was saying to her partner in crime that last night she was trying to write in a journal that she bought and she couldn't do it because she was used to writing on her computer. You know, shifting things around. And that was my suspicion, but then I thought, 'No, you're just paranoid.' And here's this person saying she can't think unless she's at her computer. She can't manually write out her thoughts. That is evil." —Cindy Dall (#168, Jan. 97)

"Don't use sticks in '96. Use pads." —Lisa G. of cub with a proposed motto for the band. (#167, Dec. 96)

"The phrase 'planning on selling out' is kind of like the term, 'Christ died for our sins.' It just doesn't make any sense." —Shal, The Bouncing Souls (#167, Dec. 96)

"I got a stool hurled at me in the van. When it first happened, I couldn't stop laughing, but then it started to really hurt." —Allison of Behl on life on the road. (#165, Oct. 96)

"When I bake a cake, it's an angry, political, feminist, anarchic cake... with chocolate icing." —Jean Smith, Mecca Normal (#164, Sep. 96)

"I'm glad to see that DISORDER is still taking an interest in the band. We got our first major exposure in Vancouver through a big DISORDER interview. It happened at a show that we did with the Violent Femmes, in the first of the '80s. We did this demo of 'Self-Pity' on the four-track and CITR played the shit out of that, and that's basically how we got established and sort of got the name and could come over here and play." —Rob Wright, NoMeansNo (#159, Apr. 96)

"There was a girl who writes a 'zine called *Montgomery*. She came to the show in Kingston last year, and said she wanted to do an article on the Smugglers, but more specifically she wanted to do an entire 'zine about me." —Bryce Dunn, The Smugglers (#157, Feb. 96)

"He hung around with 12 guys all his life and he didn't have a girlfriend or a wife. Who knows?" —Dan Savage on whether Jesus was gay. (#155, Dec. 95)

"Liam is definitely retarded. I'm actually surprised he can remember his lyrics and stuff. It's amazing watching him; he's definitely Neanderthal." —Justine Frischmann of Elastica on Liam Gallagher (#150, Jul. 95)

"I met Kathleen Hanna over the phone through a friend of mine. My friend said, 'Talk to Kathleen, she's in Bikini Kill, just say hi.' So I was like, 'Hi Kathleen, I don't know you but hi.'" —Mary Lou Lord (#147, Apr. 95)

22 February 2002

"Lots of people think we suck, and in their minds I'm sure we do. But ours is the only opinion that matters. When you start out in a band it's so much more fun to be arrogant and make a big joke out of it than feel all self-conscious about it. The music industry is just a bunch of schmoozy bullshit. We're here to have FUN. Fuck those snotty Pavement worshipping alt-rockers and their ilk. We're no less important than anyone else's fucking band, even if we don't have our 'chops' up. Besides, we happen to be very friendly, down-to-earth, no bullshit-type people with great senses of humour. You don't have to take us seriously, but don't take us for a bunch of chumps." —Neko Case, Meow (#145, Feb. 95)

"This one woman who was totally drunk came up to us in Kansas City and said, 'Are you two married?' And I said, 'No.' She said, 'Have you ever dated?' I said, 'No.' She said, 'Where's he?' She was totally after Scott. So I said, 'Scott! Run away!' —Rebecca Gates, The Spinanes (#143, Dec. 94)

"I worked on a film set for three days and I met this girl on the set. Anyway, we got to know each other a little bit and on the last day she awoke me a ride home. We got to talking about music [and] I told her I sang in this band called Sex With Nixon. She said, 'No, you're not, I've seen them before [and] you're nothing like that guy—he's crazy and all fucked up on stage!'" —Danny Sather, Sex With Nixon (#138, Jul. 94)

"Spider-Man was a superhero with angst. All the other superheroes were like those Vancouver bands: 'I'm great and I know it.'" —Brent J. Cooper, Huevos Rancheros (#136, May 94)

"Jesus was a marine-dwelling creature, had a nose 150 to 200 feet long, a regular-sized head, and a body the size of a grapefruit. He was shaped as a sea-urchin and bobbed through the ancient soupy seas. Great sheets of boogers would stream down from his nose, originally meant to capture plankton for food. These boogers would accumulate on the ocean floor. After many millennia, covered by sediment, this became the Plegmatotolith Strata, or Plegmata Bearing Strata (PBS)." —Scribe Z-Harvey-Oswald-27-Z, The Church of International Secular Atavism (#135, Apr. 94)

"I think it might be the last great bastion of artistic expression, because it is so easy to do. Two guys on Commercial Drive could put wires together and broadcast. I hope that radio will be a refuge for the individual and for the person willing to take a chance." —David Wisdom (#135, Apr. 94)

"Phil Esposito was number seven when he played for the Boston Bruins." —Bunt Belke of SNFU on why all their album titles have seven words. (#131, Dec. 93)

"I have no idea. I think it's just a term the media made up. It's just

a term the media made up... so they can talk about something..." —Juliana Hatfield on what 'riot grrrl' meant to her. (#129, Oct. 93)

"Well, I feel kind of torn about guns, because you never know; if you have a gun maybe it will help to protect you, but it could backfire—not literally, but, well... literally also, but the whole idea could backfire and the gun might fuck things up. You know what I mean? Someone else might get his hands on it or you might kill somebody you don't want to kill. I don't know, I feel weird about guns. They're probably bad." —Juliana Hatfield (#129, Oct. 93)

"I'm allergic to cool; we've always been three nerdy guys from Victoria." —Rob Wright, NoMeansNo (#128, Sep. 93)

"We love Seattle, that's why we live there. It's a crazy faggot town we live in." —Mark Arm, Mudhoney (#121, Feb. 93)

"A friend of mine just died from an overdose and I wrote a song for her. 'I always wanted to fuck you / But now you're dead.' So what do I do to keep from forgetting is to fuck them even harder and harder for their friends who can't fuck them anymore." —Michael Dean, Bomb (#120, Feb. 93)

"We called Satan. I'm serious. We'd been close before, but this time he was here. We were sane and everyone else went fuckin' nuts all night long. Fights, sex, sex, and more sex, lesbianism, more fights. Southern Comfort dripping through cracks in the ceiling, car accidents on choppers in our backyard. Big, old choppers. Fuckin' psychotic evening. Even Arish's 12 year-old sister Christi was pissed on Long Island Ice Tea, but I was sober. All these 14 year-olds were totally shamed by us. Maybe it was Mike fucking the pizza, or Arish the Dirty Girl, or maybe my humiliating boots. We made \$70." —Diary entry by Velvet Cash of Hump (#118, Nov. 92)

"Listen, if you took the sexism out of rock 'n' roll, it wouldn't be rock 'n' roll." —Billy Childish (#116, Sep. 92)

"If you think the price of the fuckin' ticket is bad, wait 'til you see what we do to the rest of you—the gold fillings will be picked out of your teeth, your organs will be sold at outrageous prices on the black market for organ donation, the rest of you will be ground up into hamburger, and any bones or cartilage left will be made into fertilizer. So believe me, we're not through making money out of you just because you pay the price at the door." —Sleazy P. Martini, GWR's manager (#115, Aug. 92)

"If you come see Flash Bastard and I'm lying on the stage with blood all over my face from taking faceplants into solid objects, and we've got smiles on our faces while we're bleeding, I can see why people wouldn't take that seriously. But we're trying to make a point. It's more subliminal, and we hope that people will pick up

on that." —Reverend Donal Finn, *Flash Bastard* (#114, Jul. 92)

"That will probably always be a novelty classic of the year that punk truly died." —Courtney Love on Nevermind. (#113, Jun. 92)

"Well, I guess it's a surprise. I mean, people can throw statistics at us, or whatever, but it really has no direct impact on the band; we don't see that much of a difference. The shows have been really big and everything, but we're not really that different. I mean we're not really any richer. We're not any more assholes than we were six months ago." —Dave Grohl of Nirvana on topping the charts. (#108, Jan. 92)

"It's just say that when we were playing, I puked and swallowed my vomit." —Aaron Stauffer of Seaweed on the Cruel Elephant's *Mystery Meat*. (#102, Jul. 91)

"I don't know. I only like the horny kind." —Blag Jesus of the Dwarves on whether there are 15 kinds of teenagers. (#102, Jul. 91)

"I did kick a girl once. I did a flip at a DOA concert. Yeah, in Portland... and I did this flip during 'New Wave Sucks' and kicked this girl in the face, and didn't know about it until people told me a couple of days later. Yeah, you kicked this girl in the face and kicked her face open. She had to go to the hospital and get stitches." I go, "Really? Do you know her number?" And I didn't even know who this girl was and I called her up and said, "Hi, you don't know me, but um, I guess I kicked you in the face." She goes, "Thanks, you're so nice for calling." Yeah, she says, "I told my dad I got hit with a car door. I said I opened the car door and it hit me." I was going, "I'm really sorry." She said, "It's okay." Then I sent her flowers and stuff because she's got a big purple scar on her face and she's a pretty girl and she'll have it for life. Consider us engaged." —Jerry A, Poison Idea (#101, Jun. 91)

"I think the most negative thing I ever heard was somebody in the audience said 'play for another hour,' and I was really pissed, so I think we killed that person; Dave killed him with his ass." —Matt, Sockeye (#99, Apr. 91)

"Just because someone lifts weights that doesn't make them macho. It could be lift weights to keep me from getting depressed; maybe I do it so I can try to control my violent urges. Masculinity is glorious." —Henry Rollins (#98, Mar. 91)

"MONEY, HAH!" —Mr. Dressup on what got him out on the road. (#94, Nov. 90)

"All the reporters used to say to me, 'What do you think the Beatles are going to do when they come to America? Do you think they'll be a hit?' I said, 'No, I don't think so.' And they said, 'Why not?' I said, 'Well, in America we have a real good group that I think are better... called the Beach Boys.'" —Trini Lopez (#93, Oct. 90)

"We had the good fortune, or misfortune, to go to Calgary for the first time during the Stampede. As we pulled up to the hotel, one man chased another man out of a bar. The first guy jumped in his truck and the other guy jumped on the hood and broke the front windshield with his heel, then jumped down off as the first guy was rolling up his window. He put his fist through the window and just dragged the other guy out. He was angry—boy, was he mad. It was quite an eye-opener to pull into town and that's the first thing you see. We figured, shit these guys are serious." —John Doe (#92, Sep. 90)

"What about Thanksgiving? I should give a fuck about Thanksgiving when Thanksgiving means to me the day when they jacked the Indians for the country and started bringing my ancestors over here at the bottom of the boat? What do I do? I sit up and eat turkey and then I go out and work my fingers to the bone and I try to buy my kid a ten-speed bike." —Ice-T (#92, Sep. 90)

"I've got a passion for trucks. I used to be a truck driver; me dad used to drive a truck. Driving through America is quite nice for me. I love going to all the truck stops and exchanging pleasantries with all the big, hairy truck drivers." —Mick Brown, *The Mission* (#89, Jun. 90)

"I don't go to films unless they're what I call gut-pulling movies. Y'know, a lot of violence and head-bluenings and so forth." —Russ Meyer (#88, May 90)

"I would like to be world famous, but it would definitely have to be on my own terms. These terms, they come first. If I am supposed to be a prophet, then I haven't got a clue how famous will get because so far our career has been built on so many accidents." —Bjork, *Sugarcubes* (#87, Apr. 90)

"We try to get the cheapest bluish they got, slam it down, get a kinda wacky wine buzz, get dry mouth, drink some water and drink another bottle of wine. You might puke sooner or later, but it

sure is good." —Kurt, *Tad* (#87, Apr. 90)

"Do believe in a god who's all thumbs. I believe that the world is not perfect at all. And I think that to pretend that to have quick sex with someone who's beautiful makes you perfect is not a very, uh, natural path." —Exene Cervenka (#84, Jan. 90)

"Well, golly, we got Elvis, Foghorn Leghorn, and Otis the drunk from *The Andy Griffith Show*. Well, I guess Elvis would be the Father, ah Foghorn Leghorn would be the Son, because the Son's the one who goes out extemporaneously pontificating a lot. He's always talking ah Foghorn Leghorn has a lot to say. I mean, you could have a whole book, a new Bible—the 'Foghorn Leghorn I Say, I Say Son Bible.' Ya know, 'Pay attention when I'm talkin' to ya, boy.' Sharp as a bowling ball, colder than a nudist on an iceberg. I feel slicker than two heels fornicating in a bucket of mucous membrane. Ah then that would leave Otis to be, he's kinda spiritual, ya know, due to his imbibin' in the Holy Spirit." —Mojo Nixon on his version of the Holy Trinity. (#82, Nov. 89)

"Aah just a cheese pizza y'know and aah y'know we have like a rider that they take care of and which is aah nothing that um... y'know that um... that way out, y'know what I mean?... nothing that outlandish you know? As opposed to some people in Europe. But y'know I mean we're not like that y'know what I mean? —Joey Ramone on the band's rider. (#79, Aug. 89)

"It was a very unpleasant experience, but not in the way you might think. It was a very different unpleasant experience, because to keep the fish from stinking and rotting they had been frozen, and putting your arms down inside the fish was like packing your arm solid with something that had been frozen. And when your arm's in a fish there's no place for it to move. And the fish were heavy. So it was a feeling of having your whole arm cut off. It wasn't just slimy and stinky, it was, 'I'm having my arm cut off!' It was very unpleasant. And also the teeth were very sharp. And a little stub on one of the fish of Victor's arms pricked him in his arm and it became infected. We have a theory that he got brain fever from it and hasn't been the same since." —Violent Femmes' Gordon Gano on having to wear fish for the back cover of *The Blind Leading The Naked*. (#77, Jun. 89)

"After the show, David started comparing himself to us, to which Chuck Biscuits replied, 'I don't think so.' To top the evening off, some of our friends from Reno showed up, put David in a headlock and demanded to hear one of his cute little screams. They kept on strangling him until he screamed." —Joey Shithead of DOA on meeting David Lee Roth. (#73, Feb. 89)

"They're really dressed next from each other... from listening to each other... from listening to Me. goddamn it. As an artist, as a fucking artist, I find it offensive and a little... um... well, it's offensive, anyway." —RatMan on Walkmans. (#71, Dec. 88)

"Excuse me, I'm talking to you. I said you broke this cigarette. You owe me five bucks." —High-pitched, frautouse Lyles' groupie. (#70, Nov. 88)

"I think we should annex the state of Washington. I talked to a lot of people in Seattle. They watch our television. They have a very high opinion of Canadians. I think if we're going to have a free trade deal we ought to have a few states join our confederation." —Leonard Cohen (#70, Nov. 88)

"The old Colt .45 is one of my favourite guns. It takes a lot of getting used to. But now I can shoot with that better than I can with a .22. It's a good gun. The 9mm Beretta has much more firepower: it's got 15 shots. I haven't used that gun. But I did use this Glock, this Austrian thing that's supposed to get through metal detectors. Which is absurd, because it has twenty ounces of metal in it. Another piece of junk. I couldn't hit the target with it. It jammed." —William S. Burroughs (#67, Aug. 88)

"When you've got Iran and Iraq tearing each other's throats out and American death warfare laboratories, people will have chickens quite a way down their list of priorities, obviously, quite right too. But, on the other hand, if you're a chicken, you're only got one chance, man. And if you spent it all locked up in a wire cage smaller than yourself, just you can be eaten, what??" —The Jazz Butcher (#66, Jul. 88)

"How I see rap is more or less like an art form and then a sport at the same time, because the competition could be great if the other rappers had enough self-confidence to put a certain title on the line. Like the kinda rapper I am, I done made records, I done been in a movie, I done did TV shows, and I done did all kinds of things. And if I was to walk to streets right now, and if a rapper that never did nothing in his life came up and challenged me, I'd stop whatever I was doin' and I'd kick a rhyme to him. And I'd finish him." —Melle Mel (#66, Sep. 87)

"My tastes run more toward Beethoven, but I find punk a very interesting experiment. I've been trying to understand it for a long time and finally the anthropologist William Irwin Thomson gave me the whole clue in one sentence: he said punk is playing on the interface between noise and information. I think that defines it perfectly." —Robert Anton Wilson (#55, Aug. 87)

"Does politics mix with pop music?—Perhaps. Does politics mix with art?—I have great difficulty with 'art'; it's always spelled with a capital F where I come from." —Billy Bragg (#49, Feb. 87)

"My splinterer hurts!" —Danny, *The Spores* (#44, Sep. 86)

"It would seem real smart to say that cocaine will enjoy more massive use and that that crack thing is today's herpes drug. But what we're going to see—and I say this because I know people in the business, in Haight-Ashbury, people who are really concerned about it—heroin is where the drug trade is going right now. I deplore that. If you're talking to bettors in the marketplace, it would have been coke five years ago, but crack is just bullshit. Smack is the one. I don't know why but smack is the most popular, hippest drug across the board in all the places where people gauge these things... And I don't like that... Where have all the pure drugs gone? Used to be able to go to the drug store and buy five cartons of amyls for \$12.95." —Hunter S. Thompson (#42, Jul. 86)

"I thought it was a big joke at first. I didn't know if there would be a million businessmen coming to see us." —Einstürzende Neubauten on getting an invitation to play Expo 86. (#40, May 86)

"They're very comfortable. I have two pair. They were brand new; they were these factory mishaps. There were no labels and the stitching was all fucked up. Fifty cents to throw for spankin' new knee-length briefs." —Bigley of the U-Men on buying underwear at Goodwill. (#38, Mar. 86)

"The government is playing Brian Brother and it should just be the janitor." —Limey Dave, *Tupelo Chain Sex* (#31, Aug. 85)

"I think I've written about as much as anybody would want to read. I guess ideally you should write more than a sane person would want to read over the period of a couple of years. And I think I've already gotten past that limit." —Allen Ginsberg (#29, Jun. 85)

"They thought we were from Surrey, England. When I explained to them that we were from Surrey, BC, in Canada, they kinda lost interest. They didn't encourage us to fly over, so I guess they couldn't have been that interested." —David M. of No Fun on auditioning for Virgin Records. (#23, Dec. 84)

"All rock 'n' roll is plagiarism. It's true, we steal from all kinds of places, and we freely admit it. I think more people should admit it and do it better. At least we only take the good bits." —Gerard Van Herk, *Deja Voodoo* (#22, Nov. 84)

"The thing that holds this band together is that we're basically all goofs." —Andy Kerr, *NoMeansNo* (#19, Aug. 84)

"There's no difference between voodoo or sex. Any rockability band with any hair on their toes would have a little voodoo in there, or a little sex in there—or a lot of those ingredients." —Lux Interior, *The Cramps* (#16, May 84)

"There is no live set. It just doesn't work that way. I just make it up as I go along. Y'see, that's what I am—a live performer. The only reason I haven't played here before is because no one asked me. If they ask me, I'll play Afghanistan, as long as the demand's there." —Jonathan Richman (#15, Apr. 84)

"Stay home." —Black Flag's Henry Rollins with advice for the audience of their upcoming gig. (#15, Apr. 84)

"When the term 'punk' came to be, it meant anything that wasn't Peter Dinklage. When it all started out, people were listening to bands as diverse as the Talking Heads, the Ramones and Blondie. One was an art band, another a rock and roll band, and the other a pop group. But they were all punk, because they were different from the mainstream. Now punk doesn't mean anything, except people construe 'punk' to mean 'hardcore,' which is something you do—like DOA—when you first start out and you want to play as loud and fast as you can." —John Doe, *X* (#14, Mar. 84)

"Funny enough, when we picked it, it seemed like a completely and utterly neutral name." —Bernard Albrecht, *New Order* (#7, Aug. 83)

"Popularity? It's great, it's what we're here for." —Larry Mullen, *U2* (#6, Jul. 83)

“



LONGEST DORMANT RIVALRY IN NEED OF RESUSCITATION: CTR vs. CFOX

I am perplexed! I picked up the June issue of *DISORDER* and find, to my chagrin, no gratuitous slugs levelled at the Foxoids. What are we doing wrong? How many alternative radio types does it take to screw in a light bulb? The question is immaterial as alternative radio types spend all their money on expensive import records and can't afford to pay their BC Hydro tab.

- Peter Taylor, CFOX Promotion Director (March 1985)

”

"There's always going to be people, when anything gets more well-known, that are going to latch onto the superficial part and not really absorb what's behind it. I don't agree with turning one's back on punk because it has lost its meaning. I don't think it has lost its meaning." —Jello Biafra, *Dead Kennedys* (#4, May 83)

FIVE HAIKU ABOUT EDITING DISORDER by Barbara Anderson, former editor

Little worries: flith,
inadequacy, commas
out of place. I'm overworked.

Talking on the phone
with promoters is like death
by strangulation.

I used to dig music,
now I'm just numb to all art:
a filthy commerce.

"No, you can't review
your own event in this mag."
They keep on trying!

Better than acid!
The next day, you see typefaces
on all surfaces.

"OH MAN... YOU'RE JUST MAKING... YOU'RE JUST... OH, JUST
FUCK OFF!"
Nardwuar Vs. Our Icons

Jello Biafra, May 1989
Mr. Biafra, can we ask you a question?

Real fast,
Okay, what is the difference between an American and a
Canadian?

That's for you to decide.
What right does the media have to pry into things?
Well you're prying right now.
And is that allowed?

I'm allowing now against my better judgment because your
questions are awfully stupid.

But the thing is wouldn't it be nice to suck up to nice little cub
reporters and lick them? What are your thoughts in regard
to that, people phoning you, hounding you, trying to track
you down. How do you deal with (people) since you have been
elevated in society?
Well, kinda like this: I say farewell to you sir.

Mickey Dolenz, October 1991
Who are you?

Mickey: Don't you know, why are you interviewing me if you don't
know?
Did you quit the Monkees?

Yeah, I went solo about two years ago.
And before that, when the initial Monkees broke up, how did the
group disband?
It wasn't a band, I already said this once.
Sorry.

Listen carefully now. It was a television show about a band. So
when the show went of the air, the SHOW went of the air. It's like
Leonard Nimoy and William Shatner didn't hang around together,
you know, after beaming each other up.

Has jealousy ever played a part in your life?
No.

You've never been jealous about movies or parts you've missed,
like for example not being cast as the "Fonz" in *Happy Days*.
What's the story behind that?

I was up for it as an actor, to play the part of the Fonz, but Henry
Winkler was excellent casting for that, I think. I would have cast
Henry instead of myself if I was the producer.

You've heard of the Plaster Casters, eh?
Yeah, those two girls in the sixties that used to go around taking
Plaster casts.

"Moldings"
Yeah, yeah.
There's that ugly rumour—they said Peter Turks of the Monkees'
plastic molding was right up there with Jimi Hendrix.

That's true.
So that is a true rumour?
Naw... it's a contradiction in terms son. Get your grammar right.

Later, Mickey.
Goodbye.
Courtney Love, August 1993

Hello, Courtney. Hi, it's me, Nardwuar.
I told him to get you out of here. You're not allowed back here.
I was going to say "hi" to you.
But you're not allowed back here, Nardwuar.

But I just want to say "hi" to you. I brought my camera here, too.
Nardwuar, I hate your fucking guts. You're such a pig.
Courtney, can I get an interview with you?
No, I hate your guts, Nardwuar. You're such an idiot. Why would I
give you an interview? You're an idiot. Why would I give you a
fucking interview?

Timothy Leary, Jan 1994
Are you the Hugh Hefner of LSD?

Now that is the dumbest question... Who's got the award? You've
got the award. I want to congratulate you. I have been interviewed
thousands of times and I have met the greatest professional
crazed interviewers, and you're right up there. You're the Joe
Montana, right?

I'm Nardwuar the Human Serviette, Timothy Leary.
You sure are. I'm not going to argue with that!
Is going through life without a psychedelic experience like going
through life without a sexual experience?

People ask me how many times have I taken LSD. Now, I've been
experimenting with the brain for forty years. I say, how many
times have I made love? I don't count like Wilt Chamberlain the
basketball player, but there's one thing I know: not enough! Not
enough!

When was the last time you were busted?
Oh about seven or eight years ago.
Did you meet Charles Manson in prison, Timothy Leary, and did
he really supply you with hallucinogenics, i.e., marijuana?

No, I was in the same cell next to Manson for one night. Legends
have developed about that. He did not give me any drugs. I would
never take any drugs from anyone who does not have the qualities
in their eye that I want from that drug. So I would never take drugs
from Manson. This is Tim's Tips to the Young, okay? Don't take
drugs from Manson.

Would Brian Wilson be the same today if he didn't do LSD in the
60's?

Well, I'm a kindly guy and I try to say nothing negative about
anyone. I have always considered Brian Wilson to be a pathetic
moron. It is not his fault. The DNA, you know... We have morons
out there. I don't think that he is a child molester or anything evil,
but he is just plain... his elevator doesn't reach the top floor.

Did JFK ever do acid?
I don't know. They say he did.
But you dropped acid with Marilyn Monroe.

No comment.
Do you still have a mind-blowing experience once a week?
I'm having one right now! I tell you! To be locked up in a cell with

“

AN THANK YU...
THANK YU VERY MUCH...
SO I FIGURE NEXT
WE'LL PLAY A LITTLE
"CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN"
FOR Y'ALL...



ELVIS NOT DEAD: ME HIM

ATTENTION-GRABBING STRATEGIES FOR SUCCESS IN THE CUT-THROAT WORLD OF COLLEGE RADIO

Interview By David M., Illustration by KLong

”

Hi, I'm David M. My musical group No Fun is one of the most highly-regarded musical groups on Southwest British Columbian College Radio today. We've also received national acclaim for our incredible cassette albums and wild 'n' wacky live performance. We've been dubbed "The Beatles of Surrey" and God knows that's the truth.

But I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "Aw, shit! I wanted to be the toast of College Radio! My group, (Your Group's Name Here), is probably just as worthy of being highly-regarded on College Radio as those bozos! In fact, I bet they really suck!"

Well, fuck you. We don't. And you're going to feel even worse after I generously offer you and your group (Your Group's Name Here) some extremely valuable tips on how to make it big in College Radio. Like No Fun already has. Asshole.

But first, let's take a quick look at how the mainstream music business works (as we College Radio mainstays often do, no matter how much we hate to admit it).

HOW THE MUSIC BUSINESS WORKS

The music business is a pyramid scheme in which the suckers, I mean artists, enter at the bottom of the pyramid by spending money on musical instruments, studio time, videos to promote themselves, home recording equipment, stage outfits, hair extensions, records to learn licks from, rock magazines and books, liquor and drugs, and so on, ad infinitum. The huge amount of money thus generated works its way up the pyramid in stages, from, say, you, up to, say, \$4-40, and from \$4-40 up to The Church, and from The Church up to REM, and from REM up to U2, and from U2 up to... well, ultimately all music business money ends up in the deep pockets of five or six anonymous, ugly, old, cigar-smoking guys in boxer shorts sitting around all day in their penthouse offices getting transfusions of infant blood to keep from crumbling into dust.

I don't think that any of this will come as any big shock to those involved with College Radio, though. I mean, that kind of bullshit is why we all opted out of that nowhere scene, right? Sure it is.

GREAT NAME (a great name for this section, as we shall see)

Now, you're going to need a great name for your band (or for you, if you are a solo artist). To be great, a name should be memorably ironic, because irony fuels College Radio (along with Beer and Sexual Frustration—but let's face it—you can't get people drunk and then fuck them with your name no matter how great it is).

Your name should also be funny—or, more precisely, goofy. I could go on and on listing examples: They Might Be Giants, The Dead Milkmen, Butthole Surfers, Deja Voodoo, Head/David (yikes), 64 Nunnycars, and, my screamingly-funny personal favourite, Tracy Chapman. I repeat, your name must be great. I

think that if local heavy-metal spoofsters Ogre were renamed Ed Zeppelin, they'd rule College Radio.

But having a great name for your group is only the beginning. You must also have lots of great names for your songs, and, someday, your albums will need great names. For example, I wrote a song called "Great Name" which will be the opening track on No Fun's next album project, "Great Name." Pretty memorably ironic, eh?

And the beauty of it all is that if your name is great, your album's name is great, and your songs' names are great, you won't have to bother writing or playing actual music!

WELL, GEE, ISN'T MUSIC IMPORTANT TO COLLEGE RADIO?

"Music"? Are you kidding? Beethoven is "music." Look, you're reading this article, so you're probably the genius of your band, right? Just hire some "musicians" and let them worry about the "music."

Yeah, I know, "musicians" are all worthless, boring, stupid, dime-a-dozen, smelly jazz-fusion snobs who'll hate your group because they have no vision, but they can give your group that ultra-thin veneer of professionalism College Radio demands. Be careful, though. Hardly practise it at all. It'll preserve that loose Garage Band sound College Radio loves.

And, in time, when your "musicians" start demanding that your group "change musical direction" (usually towards jazz-fusion), simply fire them. Kill them if you can get away with it—College Radio goes mental if dead guys used to be in your band.

EXHUMING ELVIS

Let's take Elvis Presley, for example. The guy was an inhumanly-gifted piece of white trash (with a great name, by the way). The utterly evil music business played off his weaknesses to milk his gift, squashing what was left of him on their way to the bank. The multiple ambiguities of Elvis' life and death have an intellectual fascination for those of us who aren't inhumanly-gifted pieces of white trash.

This explains why a key to success in College Radio is how creatively an artist can ridicule Elvis. When Mojo Nixon howls "Elvis is Everywhere," or Chris Houston does his "Church of the Fallen Elvis" routine, or The Cramps title an album "A Date With Elvis," or Vancouver's own A Merry Cow sing "Who is this Elvis Guy, Anyway?!", they're making a Statement, and the Statement is "Hey, the music business can't co-opt and kill us like they did that poor ignorant cracker son-of-a-bitch Elvis Presley!"

Well, that just goes to show how worthless book-learnin' is. Little do they realize that the music business had nothing to do with the death of Elvis. Why, I'm not even dead!

That's right! I, Elvis Presley, faked my own death in 1977, and I've been living as David M. of No Fun ever since. Didn't you notice

that No Fun appeared right at the same time I disappeared? Well, congratulations to all No Fun or Elvis Presley fans clever enough to guess the truth by stringing the clues together: my on-stage charisma, my long, jet-black hair and sideburns, my devastating sex appeal, my fluctuating weight, my incredible singing voice, my inaudible acoustic guitar, Priscilla having my '73 Torino seized for back-alimony—why, hell, I even use my normal speaking voice at least once on every No Fun tape!

Anyhow, all you College kids just go ahead and keep poking fun at the ol' Kang.

I can take it, you little no-talent pricks. And while you're at it, poke fun at everything else, too. The pay is sure as fuck the same—lousy!

Hey, Charlie! Where the hell's my plate of cheeseburgers? God damn it, do I have to do ever' thang mahself?

ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING...

... probably to confound the media by criss-crossing America yet again, romancing more of his middle-aged female fans. Here are a few additional College Radio success tips, in case he never comes back.

- Rip off Led Zeppelin whenever and wherever possible, but do disguise it a little. College Radio likes a Camper Van Beethoven, but nobody likes a Kingdom Come.

- There's an important lesson to be learned from the urban noise/dance music of Tackhead. If you don't have a James Brown-style system of fines for your "musicians," they'll think they can get away with anything.

- Here's an idea that seems so obvious it's hard to believe that no one in College Radio has tried it yet. Develop a reputation for being morbid and obsessed with dying, fake your own death and lay low for a year or so, then "return from the grave." Although this scheme requires patience—a quality always in short supply in the fast-paced, gimmick-laden world of College Radio—it would therefore have the element of surprise going for it. And it's only been done before by Elvis Presley, James Dean, and Jim Morrison, so you'd be in terrific company!

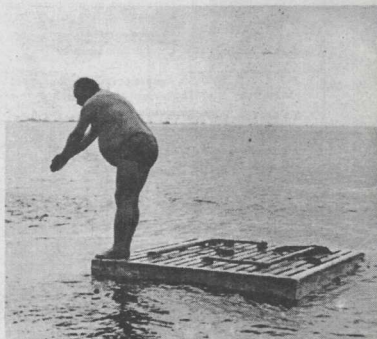
- Finally, remember that most people involved with College Radio are students, so treat them like a teacher would. Be strict with them right off the bat, or they'll never respect you. Punish them severely when they misbehave. And if they don't do enough for you, fail them.

That's all for now. Work hard and follow my advice, and maybe I'll be seeing you at the top of the College charts (hopefully just below No Fun). Good Luck!

(First published October, 1988.)

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SCUMROCK
Montage's "Rock you to the digital revolution" 31-2

BEST OF RESPECT
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MOTHER DAO THE TURTLE LIKE
With Colin Browne "Ducks in the House" 6

GIRL KING
Pietrobrano's sexy gender-bending pirate adventure. Music by Aaron Cohen 7-9

SPIRALING WITHIN
S. Stobhan McCarthy's multi-media one-woman show 11-16

LIFE UNDER MIKE
Mike Harris under fire and its Michael Moore approved 18/19

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The incredible story of a man, an architect, filmmaker, occultist, HARRY WHITE 21-23

CURIOUS WHITEBERRY
Taylor Mead stars in this oddball day in the life of a once-Warhol Superstar 25/26

PHILIP LUSTON:
A LIFE GIVEN 27

HARRY NILSSON'S
THE POINT! 28

With a live musical tribute to Nilsson followed by his incredible animated tale of adventure.



UPCOMING IN MARCH:

MARK STREET'S
AT HOME AND ASEA 1

Eye of Newt with the Dark Crystal 2

SCHEMELVIS
Elvis was Jewish—follow the bizarre odyssey of one of his biggest Jewish fans 4/5

under review

recorded media

David Abir/Ashley Wales *Movement A, Study 33/Landscape* (#217 May 2001) More so-so po-mo heave-ho from the worldwide Vaguely Experimental Music underground. **Sam Macklin**

Agnostic Front *Riot, Riot Upstart* (#201 Nov 99) This should have been called "...and Out Come the Posers." **gibby peach**

Beck Sea Change (#235 Nov 02) Please stop saying this album is a masterpiece. **Julie C.**

Bedhead beheaded (#164 Sep 96) I wish the lyricist would invest in a thesaurus, because the word 'empty' appears an average of 5.63 times per song. **frank?**

Adrian Belew *Inner Revolution* (#114 Jul 92) Mr. Belew suffers from the dreaded Mature Artist Syndrome: songs dealing with Big Issues, supplemented with "tasty licks," unadventurous arrangements, and an unhealthy Beatles-by-way-of-XTX influence. **Shawn Conner**

Bluetip *Join Us* (#195 May 99) This record is even worse than their first one. **Chris Corday**

Cathedral *The Ethereal Mirror* (#129 Oct 93) A little meaner than Ozzy or Megadeth and now available at your favourite used record bin. **Bepi**

The Cult *Electric* (#55 Jul 87) The Cult are to Led Zeppelin what Glass Tiger are to U2, what The Alarm are to The Clash, what Skinny Puppy are to Einstürzende Neubauten, Don Hill to Bob Dylan, Bryan Adams to Bruce Springsteen, Ronald Reagan to John Wayne, Gary Hart to John F. Kennedy, Jim Jones to Jesus Christ. **Bill Mullan**

The Cure *Disintegration* (#80 Sep 89) The Cure could still be a really great band if only they could control the tendency to lapse into those fucking Sawefay-music keyboard riffs. **Viola Funk**

Dayglo Abortions *s/t* (#44 Sep 86) Paint the cover black, or burn it. Don't let your mother or sister or girlfriend hear the songs or read the lyrics. **Stuart Whiting**

Dayglo Abortions *Here To-Day, Guano Tomorrow* (#69 Oct 88) So yeah, let's sing about subjecting hamsters to a myriad of atrocities; it's sure to freak out all those seven-year old girls who venture into their local record store and alight upon this album. **Viola Funk**

Dead Milkmen *Beelzebubba* (#73 Feb 89) It isn't even a minor bit of fun. Ignore it. (I hope this band doesn't have a cult following or something...) **J.W.**

Delgados *The Great Eastern* (#210 Sep 00) This album merely pays lip service to the idea of imagination. **Sam Macklin**

Depeche Mode *Music For the Masses* (#61 Feb 88) There are artistic as well as economic and social reasons for examining the pros and cons of taking an early retirement. In this case, any reason will do. Surely machines can be pensioned off more easily than people. **Larry Thiessen**

Dinosaur Jr. *Where You Been?* (#120 Apr 93) Dinosaur Jr., after a decade of somewhat benchmark releases, has NO excuse for putting out naive, self-indulgent, guitar rock-star bullshit like this. **Paul T. Brooks**

Doughboys *Crush* (#128 Sep 93) Stealing melodies from songs heard on mid-'80s LG73 isn't usually a good way to begin an album. **Brian Wieser**

Drugscore *s/t* (#150 Jul 95) This band can almost rock. **Julie**

Duotang *The Bright Side* (#220 Jul 01) Retro can never really be all that good 'cause it's all been done before. **Lil Richard**

Dzihan & Kamien *Gran Rise 'w* (#235 Nov 02) Avoid this like you'd avoid an uncoked seaweed stir-fry that you found in a pail in the cafeteria. **Donovan**

Mark Eitzel *The Invisible Man* (#220 Jul 01) I can barely listen to this record. There are so many shitty sounds... I don't know how to describe them to you. You'll have to come over. I'll play it for you, we'll listen

to it and I'll say, "Hear that? That part? That sounds like poo." **Christa Min**

Mark Eitzel *West* (#174 Jul 97) I found myself not being able to care less. **Joe Bliggs**

Eminem *The Slim Shady* (#195 May 99) I am not squeamish—I go around calling myself Hancunt, for fuck's sake—but I want to defecate down Eminem's throat after listening to his awful debut album. **Hancunt**

Eurythmics *Sweet Dreams Are Made of This* (#2 Mar 83) It reminds me of Yac meets Pat Benatar. **Dean Pelkey**

Diamanda Galas *You Must Be Certain of the Devil* (#68 Sep 88) Artists with massive amounts of intelligence, discipline, and creativity tend to sound schlocky when they don't use them. Some people will find this album embarrassing. Ms. Galas should. **Larry Thiessen**

Great Lakes *s/t* (#207 Jun 00) Every time my roommate pops on the CD and those Air Supply sounds skip down the hallway to my room, I can't help but get palm sweats and have flashbacks of polyester t-shirts and brown everywhere, brown and orange everywhere. Not good. **Anthony Monday**

Hackaw *s/t* (#210 Sep 00) I've listened to this album to the point that it has just become painful. It just won't grow on me. **Jay douillard**

Mark Harrington *Trash Icon* (#206 May 00) Harrington's musical rantings are much like that of a 15-year old boy putting out his first zine. **tesla van halen**

Mickey Hart *Mickey Hart's Mystery Box* (#162 Jul 96) Rob Hunter's lyrics are so banal that even the Dead wouldn't use them. **Barbara Andersen**

Kristen Hersh *Hips and Makers* (#136 May 94) The album certainly has a stark beauty about it, but so does Kamillops and you wouldn't want to spend too long there. **Simon Hemelryk**

Hey Mercedes *Everynight Fire Works* (#225 Dec 01) This

album takes all the O out of EMO and adds a lot of R which gets us REM. **Jay douillard**

Hollow Men *Cresta* (#99 Apr 91) Unobtrusive filler music for that evening at home with your parents. **Antje Rauwerda**

Hollowphonic *s/t* (#204 Mar 93) This music you take for insomnia on the plane. **Chris A23**

Inspiral Carpets *Devil Hopping* (#136 May 94) It's best not to encourage these boys: there are already too many bands making careers out of dated mediocrity. **Les Vegas**

Michael Jackson *Bad* (#58 Nov 87) Bad, not BAD. **Iain Bowman**

Colin James *s/t* (#69 Oct 88) Inspidiously obnoxious pop-boggy fluff. **Keith Parry**

Jesus and Mary Chain *Rollercoaster* (#94 Nov 90) Caution: CBC friendly. **Uliana**

Jesus Jones *Already* (#178 Nov 97) A few tunes into the new Jesus Jones album, *Already*, I realized it was none too thrilling. By the time it ended, I absolutely despised it. **Fred derf**

Steve Jones *Fire and Gasoline* (#80 Sep 89) In the albeit chequered past, Steve at least had a half-decent singer, a vicious rhythm section, and bad songs. Solo, he's left with only the bad songs. **Jeff Molsen**

Judybats *Native Son* (#98 Mar 91) The Judybats have something to say, but does anyone want to hear it? **Mindy Abramowitz**

Julie Ruin *s/t* (#191 Dec 98) Why not just a 7" record? It would have been a good 7". **JBS**

July Love *Apocalypse* (#148 May 95) Forty-five minutes of a guy with a bad voice moaning on top of ambient guitar and drum machine. **Peter Stevens**

Killing Joke *Outside the Gate* (#68 Sep 88) Killing Joke's new album has more in common with a bottle of anti-freeze than a bottle of Chablis; not only does *Outside the Gate* leave a bitter taste in the mouth, but partaking of a quantity greater than a mouthful makes you want to throw up. **Chris Buchanan**

Kingmaker *Sleepwalking* (#132 Jan 94) He sounds like the sort of whiny dick that everyone

used to enjoy beating up in the high-school playground. **Simon Hemelryk**

Leftfield *Rhythm and Strength* (#201 Nov 99) The new album is so much like the last one I actually had to eject it just to check I had not accidentally placed the wrong CD into my rickety CD player. **Anthony Monday**

Le Tigre *s/t* (#201 Nov 99) I don't think this is meant to be funny. **Julie C.**

Legendary Pink Dots *Any Day Now* (#63 Apr 88) Like a shitty Alan Parson's Project. **JB Hohm**

Looper *The Geometrid* (#206 Sep 00) Why this poor smart boy left Belle and Sebastian to do his own thing is a mystery to me, but let's all make him regret it! Let's all be Looper party poopers! **Jackie**

Lovegutter *Sucking in the 90's* (#130 Nov 93) The CD says "keep out of the reach of pretentious politically correct bores." Well, it should say, "We are a bunch of pretentious bores and this CD should be kept out of your reach." **Mooligan**

Lydia Lunch *In Limbo* (#22 Nov 84) The record is neither fish nor foul, but merely flatulent piffle. **Rob Simms**

Mighty Mighty Bosstones *Let's Face It* (#172 May 97) It sounds like they recorded it on cough syrup. **Mr. Chris**

Ministry *Filthpig* (#159 Apr 96) Ministry are a metal band from the '90s—but that band could just be Spinal Tap. **Tara Nelson**

Mortification *Scrolls of the Megilloth* (#124 May 93) Do you really sit down and write this stuff or is it "inspired"? **The Reverend Norman**

Nine Inch Nails *Pretty Hate Machine* (#87 Apr 90) A decent album only if you're making the transition from Paula Abdul to Ministry. **Lloyd Uliana**

One Last Wish 1986 (#202 Dec 99) It would disappoint me to think that Dischord only put out this record to make money, so I tried hard to believe that it was good. **Christa Min**

Panoply Academy Corps of Engineers *Concentus* (#206 Sep 00) I suspect a crack pipe was involved in the making of this album. **Christa Min**

laugh on the first two or three listens (if that)--then you wish Juan would get back to making jokes instead of telling jokes. Donovan

BJÖRK
Family Tree
(Elektra)

The name of this collection is all too suitable, as we have considered Björk a member of our family since the mid 90's. Mother, daughter, sister and lover, her revolutionary brand of electronic music is uncannily in sync with our deepest fears, questions and desires. Judging by both her critical success and committed following, it strikes many others just as strongly.

However, we must admit that our first reaction towards this anthology was not positive. Over the years, the Icelandic diva has slowly released new material, in the meantime deluging her fan base with double single after double single, containing some excellent B-sides, but many more commissioned remixes that rarely approached the quality of her own work. These

ventures were always coupled with exquisite packaging and artwork that left us feeling manipulated, but at the same time wanting more.

Such was the case with this boxed set: at a hefty \$70, only Santa Claus could make this wish come true. On Christmas morning we eyed the pretty pink plastic with restrained desire, being the owners of one too many maxi singles... But yes! Christmas miracles do happen after all!

The five miniature CDs contained therein chronicle work that even we, obsessive-compulsive long-term fans, had never heard. Of particular note are "Glöra," a layered flute piece composed and performed by Björk in 1980, and "Ammæll," the original Icelandic version of the 1987 Sugarcubes hit, "Birthday." CD 2 contains demo versions of "Immature" and "Cover Me," with all instruments played by the goddess herself. Discs 4 and 5 document her long-standing (but never before released) collaboration with the Brodsky Quartet. These outstanding tracks illustrate

the sublime coupling that defines Björk's music: tribal / punk rock sensibility fused with the very best of classicism. The collection culminates in a full-length, Björk-selected "Greatest Hits" disc, far superior to the recent fan-selected release.

Yes, life is full of little miracles. And this, our friends, is a doozie! Turn a trick, sell your dog or shoplift. For any dedicated fan, this both aurally and aesthetically satisfying compilation is a must-have.
Susy and Sasha Webb

BANGS
Call and Response
(Kill Rock Stars)

You know it's not 1995 anymore. I know it's not 1995 anymore. But occasionally something sends me back to those heady days: 15 years old, stranded in suburbia, worshipping any band that included both girls and guitars, and wearing really bad thrift-store clothes (not that wearing thrift-store clothing is bad. However, like any clothes, a modicum of taste is required in their selection).

The Bangs' new EP arouses nostalgia for those bygone days. *Call and Response* draws extensively upon the Riot Grrl tradition, and continues in much the same punk-pop vein as their previous releases. Lyrics touch upon standard topics (consumerism, feminism, dysfunctional relationships, etc.) with neither notable originality nor objectionable ineffectiveness. This release is neither groundbreaking nor terrible. Unless maybe you're still 15. (In which case you will love it.)
Susy Webb

THE TEMPS
Soon We'll Be Gone
(Wild Warthog)

I picked this CD out of DISORDER's albums-to-review bin solely because of the band's name. The Strokes, The Hives, The Datsuns, The White Stripes: why not The Temps? After listening to *Soon We'll Be Gone*, I feel qualified to make three statements: 1) I am gullible. Real gullible. 2) Albums featuring flaccid rock hooks, vocalists with no charisma (or singing ability) and production akin to a second-tier hair band circa 1989 are still being made. 3) I plan on changing my name to "The Neils" in order to attract completely undeserved attention to myself.
Neil Braun •

[You know, I may have a column that says that Music Sucks, but I wasn't the first one. —ed.]

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BARDO POND Starfish Room November 29, 1996

Bardo Pond (some kind of reference to Tibetan Buddhism, I think) came in support of their most recent effort, *Amantia* (which apparently is a reference to some rare 'shroom or something, dude). *Marty*

MY BLOODY VALENTINE Buffalo Tom YO LA TENGO Moore Theatre, Seattle July 4, 1991

My Bloody Valentine came on stage, after a long pause, in a barrage of painful lights which ended up dominating the band's set. In fact, painful is the key word here: the lights were blinding, the strobes nauseating and the guitars brutally attacked my eardrums and senses that were still intact! I did recognize a few songs off of *Loveless* and I was even relieved for a brief moment when I thought, finally I am going to enjoy this show. But when Billinda Butcher began singing, I, and 1/3 of the audience, couldn't hear the vocals at all and figured that the pain in our heads was pointless and left the theatre. *Patty-Lynne Herlevi*

THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS, 86 Street Music Hall, Friday, May 10, 1991

My only negative criticism of the show involves technology: twice, a whole wall of speakers cut out, reducing the sound to a monotone meow that just didn't suit butthole. *Caroline Longford*

THE BREEDERS Seattle November 2, 1992

Oh, by the way, when crossing the border DO NOT say you are going to rock concert, you'll only be asking for customs officials to search your orifices. Instead, tell them you are going to Seattle to see your favourite country and western act perform, i.e. **The Saddlesores** at the Longhorn. *Crispy*

COP SHOOT COP Cruel Elephant March 3, 1991

One of New York's latest belches, **Cop Shoot Cop**, played typically raunchy and aggressive, repeatedly asking to have the guitars turned up. Two brave thrashers had

their ear-protecting toilet paper removed by force with the words, "if we're going to go deaf playing this shit, then you are too." I particularly liked the sheet metal cage behind, on which the drummer pounded mercilessly. *Angie Finley*

CURE CRANES

Seattle Centre Coliseum, June 30, 1989
Robert Smith, who abhors adulthood, resembled an oversized three year old as he bounced around like Peter Pan singing/howling the fun stuff. That however, ended soon because Robert swings through moods rather quickly. *Patty-Lynne Herlevi*

DEAD SURF KISS Commodore December 7, 1989

Dead Surf Kiss sucked on the proverbial root. I find it hard to believe that this clan of semi-talented poseurs got picked up by the American BMG label. If anything is going to bring this label to it's corporate knees it'll be DSK digging their financial grave. Take it south boys, I hear they're making a sequel to Deliverance. C'mon, squeal.

DESTROYER November 30, 1995

"Hey man, get the fuck off the stage!" That pretty much sums up the Destroyer experience. *Mark Arden*

DOA

(no venue given)
October, [no date], 1984,
What made me scratch my head and wonder what was wrong with Vancouver's Hardcore scene, was not DOA's performance but the crowd's reflexes. Some guy stage-dove into what appeared to be a thick group of people. In the middle of his free fall the crowd neatly parted down the middle and let this dude sail to the floor. You could hear the smack of his head hitting the floor over the top of the band. The people surrounding him looked at his twisted figure on the floor, then back at the Rock Stars. I think my cat would have shown more concern. *Julia*

DOGSTAR La Luna, Portland August 11, 1995

Okay. So I admit that the only reason I went to this show was to see Keanu Reeves. Can Keanu Reeves play the bass? Well, from where I was standing, it was hard to tell, but he sure looks good holding it. *Krista Peters*

THE EVAPORATORS West Van Rec Centre October 13, 1989

A veritable showman, **Nardwuar** vowed his audience with a dance routine that combined arthritic King Tut maneuvers with St. Vitus' Dance. *Andrea Cserenyi*

FISHBONE Commodore, Tuesday, 27 August, 1991

Malcolm X spoke politics; Martin Luther King Jr. had a dream; **Fishbone** wants to make love to you. On this night, Fishbone forgot the foreplay. But it wasn't just the old in-out, nor was it musical masturbation. This was raw, carnal, heterosexual skanking. *Scooter*

FUGAZI THE EX SLEATER-KINNEY DVB, Seattle February 28, 1999

This was the show of my life. This was **Fugazi**. I am ready for death now. *Christa Min*

THE GOSSIP The Royal October 5, 2002

I thought Beth Ditto was going to be raunchier, don't go to concerts with my friend Greg because his farts stink. Anchor tattoos rule. *Chris-A-Riffic*

GRACIOUS 4 Commodore August 9, 1989

These jokers played a longer set than I would've thought it possible to live through. And plus, if I hear one more cover of *I Fought the Law*. I shall shoot the perpetrators. *Viola Funk*

GWAR Club Soda August 20/21, 1989

Follow the bouncing testicle as we summarize the violence: two decapitations, the birth of a monster, a face

ripped off, an ejaculation, an opened human stomach (out of which was pulled a Extra Old Stock), multiple killings and a too-numbers-to-mention amount of severed bodily protrusion. *Martin Chester*

HIGH LLAMAS APPLES IN STEREO Starfish Room March 28, 1998

Once headliners **High Llamas** took the stage, all dancing ceased. Most all forms of movement ceased, for that matter. I hate to say it, but this band is definitely not one to see live. They don't DO anything! *Julie Colero*

LOCAL RABBITS Richard's on Richards August 27, 1998

The Local Rabbits are sex symbols in the making. Ben Gunning wishes he were **Yngwie Malmsteen**. Bass player King Johnny Star played his decapitated four-string like it was an extension of his penis. At times, I felt my hair wasn't big enough, especially when **Neko Case** joined the boys for a number. They were pretty scared of me because I couldn't stop baring my big buck teeth at them the whole show. *Christa Min*

LUBRICATED GOAT Club Soda October 29, 1989

Australia's **Lubricated Goat** opened things up with their feedback-laden vision of some twisted sexual apocalypse. Singer Stu Spasm screamed guttural perversity on a genuine tribal-disorder-grungefest. *Keith Parry*

LUNACHICKS SWINGIN' UTTERS THE POLE

Town Pump November 5, 1996
Opens **The Pole** made a pathetic attempt to play old-school punk rock. They were all attitude, no talent. I would have laughed openly if I hadn't been fearing for my life. There were some big dudes there who seemed to be enjoying themselves. *Dave Tolnai*

MAHLATHINI AND THE MAHOTELLA QUEENS Commodore February 5, 1991

Mahlathini, dressed in animal skins from head to toe, took his usual "reluctant" role, in the playful skits with the invincible women. *Catherine Dickson*

MAOW Starfish Room September 27, 1996

If you've always wanted to see **The Misfits** with a female singer, or if you enjoy hearing the same song played 31 different ways, then you'll want to see **Maow** sometime soon. *J. Bilan*

THE MELVINS SUPERCONDUCTOR Town Pump February 16, 1993

So... There we are right? And she says, "Got a ticket to see **The Melvins** tonight. Wanna Come?" So I says, "Melvins? Sure, what the fuck." And I'm thinking, "with a name like the Melvins they should be pretty cool, pretty smash, pretty boom, pretty wicked, or whatever, right? Nah. Shitty drum band, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, ba-da boom, boo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo. *Gunn-boyz*

NASHVILLE PUSSY Crocodile Cafe May 16, 1998

Nashville Pussy is incredibly overrated. There, that's said. They're like the Dennis Rodman of music. Honestly, if you want shock value, go see **Marilyn Manson**. I almost shit my pants laughing when the singer took off his bill cap and displayed his bald-ass head to the crowd. The two girls in the band looked like they were melting when all their make-up started running. *Dave Tolnai*

NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN Commodore January 22, 1992

The show was the most boring concert I've ever been to... Dull, dull, dull! Stage presence for the Neddies consisted of thrashing around while tossing their long hair. Yep, they were a generic British pop band with their two bassists and driving guitar. *Jane Scudeler*

OZZY OSBOURNE GM Place June 6, 1996

Ozzy looked like a grandad compared to his three young and buff studio musicians alongside him. After hobbling back and forth on the stage, waving his arms and shouting "I can't hear you," and "the crazier you go, the crazier I go!" he cooked up a real blizzard with *Paranoid*. *Longhaul*

PIL BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE LIVE

BLIND MELON PNE Forum March 26, 1992
Mr. Lydon's mooning of the

audience insured they would remain silent, not from shock but from total apathy. Like we honestly care how grotesquely huge his ass has grown. *Sara Faulkner*

PIXIES

PERE UBU Commodore December 16, 1991

Ick. Blech. Yuch. Boo. Hiss. **The Pixies** helped save my life some years and now I swear they're 'ta'yn't put me back in the grave. [...] These guys aren't speakin' to me anymore. I'm listening, but I only hear the sound of a cash register. *Mrs. Beeman*

POISON IDEA Town Pump March 27, 1989

Poison Idea were chuggin' away like a Mack Truck. But then, something inexplicable happened: Time was taken out of their set to comment on a magazine that gave **Poison Idea** some unfavourable reviews—"DISORDER hates us." And "to everyone at DISORDER, we'd just like to say fuck off." *Braden Z*

POISON IDEA THE MELVINS Town Pump May 12, 1991

After this hypnotic set (**by The Melvins**) **Poison Idea** didn't suck, but they were just going through the motions. Apparently they had had to consume industrial quantities of pot before crossing the border—enough to slow them down considerably during their set. *Mindy Abramowitz*

PORT NOISE COMPLAINT Starfish Room June 19, 1996

Port Noise Complaint were in the unfortunate position of having to follow **The Mystery Guests**, and I must admit I don't remember their set very well. The singer was into the glam-rock thing, with his glittery purple shirt, sunglasses, and dangling cigarette, and what I remember most is his use of a blender and poprock candy. *Barb*

JONATHAN RICHMAN Starfish Room April 5, 1998

A longtime groupie of sorts informed us that "Jonathan" hates performing in bars as he can't have kids around—he has two of his own, you know. *Sydney*

JIM ROSE CIRCUS
Town Pump
March 24, 1992

As a Grand Finalé, Mr. Lito lifted another iron with his shaving cream-coated penis (his foreskin was pierced). The disguise might've had something to do with avoiding a night in jail for indecent exposure.
June Scudeler

SCARYOKE
Starfish Room
November 1, 1996

Six hours before the show I was in the bathroom, busily snipping off six-inches of hair, desperately trying to recreate **Joey Ramone's** bangs.

Eight hours after that I was being whipped on stage by a vinyl-clad dominatrix, while crooning "Oh Bondage, Up Yours." Fate works in interesting ways.
Mr. Chris

SCREAMING TREES
NIRVANA
Commodore
March 8, 1991

Did anybody notice that **Nirvana** kinda blew? Oh sure, they played their "hits," and everyone bounced up and down; guys with rugby shirts and cowboy boots slammed and got sweaty and then bragged about it to their girlfriends in black miniskirts while the "alternative" music crowd congratulated each other on their latest find now that **The Happy Mondays** are being played on CFML. But man, didn't anybody watch the band? They were just playing around; they had your money, they didn't care. Doesn't anybody remember the glazed eyes, the raw emotion, the wicked guitars, the fuckin' power of Nirvana just a year and a half ago?
Bruno

SKINNY PUPPY
Commodore
December 22, 1991

The most revolting thing by far was the latex human chest Ogre put on for a couple of songs: he proceeded to grab suspicious-looking, blood-smearing stuff out of his stomach and munch happily on it. My stomach wasn't too pleased.
June

SONIC YOUTH
Luv-A-Fair
October 4, 1987

It was all too short, almost grinding to a halt just after midnight, little more than half an hour after it began—Sunday drinking laws. Thurston Moore asked, "What do you want, one of our songs or five **Ramones** Covers?" Well, we got four **Ramones** covers, plus "I Wanna Be Your Dog" sung by Kim. The houselights flashed on and Moore suggested we riot, but it was Sunday night, and this is Vancouver.
Norm Van Rassel

SWEATY NIPPLES
CONTROL FREAKS
The Cruel Elephant
February 16, 1991

Good and Fuuuncky!!! Plus they sold all their T-shirts and you know what that means.
Inez Velasco

10 FEET TALL
North Van Rec Centre
August 20, 1991
 If you missed 10 Feet Tall, you were lucky.
Scotter

TIN MACHINE
Commodore
December 21, 1991

Bowie was soft spoken and charming even when bonked right in the forehead (good shot, asshole!) with a pack of matches; he was speaking at the time, examined the matches and said thanks! Classy.
Judith Beeman

TRAGIC MULATTO
SILENT GATHERING
Club Soda

October 15, 1991
Tragic Mulatto visited their wrath, and their curiously impaired vision, upon the populace of Vancouver on Sunday, 15 October. Said vision is one that plumbs depths hitherto undisturbed even by those with the strongest stomachs. Case in point: the opening segment, which saw one of their drummers stand demurely before the microphone centre stage, and recite a paean to the joys of airing one's anus. Hey, in these days of too-tight jeans the guy probably has a point.
Viola Funkdom

U2
PUBLIC ENEMY
THE SUGARCUBES
BC Place
November 3, 1990

[The review was crap, but **JESUS CHRIST!** Public Enemy and the Sugarcubes—I'd have given my left knacker for a ticket. —Merek]

WEEN
HUMP
Cruel Elephant
February 5, 1993

"But I thought they didn't play!" Yeah well you're wrong. It goes a little something like this...
Big Gulp hit the stage first. Originally from Calgary, this now local trio opened with a blazing first three songs, one of which was rumoured to be a **Siouxsie and the Banshees** cover. The crowd was into it. Unfortunately, after this the band decided to steer into **Red Hot Chili Peppers** territory so I ducked downstairs to the bar to get a few gulps of my own.

Next up: **Hump**. This band sucks. I'm sorry, but if I had known that this little combo included a naked, six foot, 90 pound shadow-boxing loser, I would have either shown up late or stayed downstairs. As for during the tunes, the naked little geek was less

annoying. From the looks on their faces the collection of Vancouver's finest law enforcers were equally impressed. To make a terribly long and boring set short, the geek decided to piss on the audience. Bad move. As the bouncers cleared the stage the cops decided to close the bar because the promoter (in a typical hunger for money and a Bruce Allen-like disregard for patrons manner) oversold the show, booked shit like **Hump**, and filled The Elephant way past capacity. Everyone had to leave, line up, and re-enter while the cops counted heads. Rock 'n' Roll pre-school style.

By the time **Ween** climbed the sacred stage, only 80 of the original crowd of 250 were present to witness these current college faves. And Dean and Gene Ween did not disappoint. Playing only 35 minutes due to the massive delay, Ween made the most of the show ripping through "You Fucked Up" and "Don't Get 2 Close (2 My Fantasy)." "El Camino" and the classic "Pork Roll Egg and Cheese" had the crowd drooling with child-like acceptance. Me? I dug it. But I recognize that Ween is a two-man project worthy of enjoyment, not idolatry. Whether you like them or not they're making lots of noise.

And if you are one of the 170 or so who went home before Ween hit the stage, my main man **Gener** sums it up best: "You fucked up!...you really fucked up!"
Justin Love

NEW ACTION

LES SAVY FAV
PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES
Richard's on Richards
Thursday, January 2

In a live environment, it is crucial for a band to form a connection with its audience. Some bands hope their music alone is enough to make that connection; others try between-song banter and conversations with the audience; at the extreme, a few bands may even bring eager members of its audience up on stage. But when **Les Savy Fav's** singer Tim Harrington danced feverishly among the audience to the tacky euro-disco coming from his iPod's portable speakers before his band even took to the stage, you knew the crowd was about to be transfixed like a deer to headlights.

Only a few songs into their set, Harrington had torn the jeans of a concert-goer sitting on the balcony, tossed the bar chandeliers around, and grabbed a stool from the

balcony and sung standing from atop this precarious perch (he repeated this trick with one of the speakers at the front of the stage serving as his pedestal). The wildness didn't stop there; Harrington later threw his mike onto the balcony and went upstairs to sing to a crowd used to being somewhat removed from the action; he then proceeded to hang from the ceiling and then had a couple of crowd members dangle him over the balcony's edge by his legs. Finally, during the band's last song, Harrington retrieved a white sheet and a strobe light and set up a silhouette striptease. There was no encore, likely because any attempt of Harrington's to top his already engrossing performance would have put his life in mortal danger.

While the above description may give the impression **Les Savy Fav** is nothing but a novelty band in a live setting, their intensity and skill proved them anything but. The band's rhythm section composed of drummer Harrison Haynes and bassist Syd Butler laid down a groove that had most of the audience dancing (read: not simply head-bobbing) for most of the night. Guitarist Seth Jabour led many of the songs (a good portion of them new) into extended jams that

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allowed the band members to demonstrate their virtuosity (and allow Harrington time to play to the crowd). While the rest of the band acted as Harrington's collective 'straight men,' their distinguished performances ensured they were not overlooked.

Opener **Pretty Girls Make Graves'** peppy set of punk/indie-rock/pop was hindered by a nearly inaudible vocal from Andrea Zollo. Certainly the crowd appreciated the band's enthusiasm, but the disappearing lead vocal made it difficult for those unfamiliar with PGMG's songs to connect to the band; a good performance overall, just not deer in the headlights good. *Neil Braun*

SHINDIG FINALS 2002

THE STUNTS
MY PROJECT:BLUE
BLACK RICE
Railway Club

Tuesday, December 10

The three finalists were **The Stunts**, **my project:blue** and **Black Rice**.

The Stunts were a rock-grrl trio, with a quirky sense of humor. They have a costume shtick, showing up last night in naval costume (having prior appeared as Brownies and Mad

Scientists, apparently). They were fun, but I'm not sure how they got through two previous rounds. While their sound was intentionally edgy, they were a little rough around the edge still, it seemed, and lacked a little cohesion. They, were, however, fun, and had excellent crowd support.

my project: blue were the ones that I'd seen before. In fact, when I first saw them, I pegged them as potential finalists. They started off moody and dark, their weird 8mm film showing fuzzily behind them. The person sitting next to me, likened them to an 'indie-rock Doors, except for the voice' (which I'd say is 'inspired' by Thom Yorke of Radiohead). This moody, mellow sound held sway for about half their set, until their organist strapped on a guitar and they woke up, to become a much more lively band (including a signature dance). I thought they were really great, and quite likely to make the jump across to college radio.

After a somewhat lame Jokes for Beer (though full of offerings, they just mostly sucked; there was, however, one joke I particularly liked: So a chicken and an egg are lying in bed together. The egg is smoking. The egg turns to the chicken and says 'I guess we

know the answer to that question then'), Black Rice came on. Black Rice was straight-up, '70s-fueled guitar rock. Right down to neck-length wavy hair, headbands and bad handlebar moustaches. But they could really rock. Their older material was excellent, but they also included a slew of new songs, which seemed to more metal, less melody, and made me tune them out somewhat.

Had it been me voting, my project: blue would have squeaked past Black Rice, with The Stunts in third. However, according to the judges, Black Rice won, with My Project: Blue second and The Stunts still in third.

Steve Tannock

GARAJ MAHAL

Burrard Ballroom
Sunday, November 29

The paper noted their sound as 'groove-funk': Now, if you are one of the people who has troubles with labels, such as I, then this will mean little to you. When I think of funk, I think P-Funk and getting funky up. Garaj Mahal leans towards the instrumental jazz arena with a soulful helping of groove. Boring you say. All I can attest to is this: everybody danced. **EVERYBODY.**

After the first set, I

wandered to the smoking room, and met the eyes of many just heading off the dance floor. Their eyes shone with inner exuberance. We were infected by the beat, at once impatient for the next set and utterly content with the night. And that's only an hour into the show. Luckily for us, Garaj Mahal reclaimed the stage after a one smoke break. Perfect.

The sound you ask?

Imagine a bass and double guitar bouncing solos off each other, causing the Burrard Ballroom to reverberate within its Shiva draped walls. Picture various sections of the ballroom shaking it hard, while others up close, do not move, mesmerized by the whirling fingers and the crooning of an organ.

No vocals, a poem, and three hours of endless grooves kept everyone in tune with the night. Finally, our collective whistles were punctuated with a plea by the band to let them continue their encore after the 1am curtain call. These fellows were true entertainers, with a sound that echoed not only their maturity, but their utter proficiency as musicians.

Like I said, everybody

danced. That speaks in volumes about meeting peoples' expectations on so many different levels. When's the last time you could say that? *Fraser Downie*

THIEVERY COPORATION

Commodore Ballroom
Friday, November 27

A couple days before I was to witness the Thievery Coporation live experience, my cousin said something like 'I don't really get the DJ's shows (especially the 'downtempo' ones) when people are just facing the DJ and watching him spin other people's records and or sounds that are already sampled into the existing record...'

Sheet, cos: wish you were there....

Backed by two percussionists (one with full drum set, one with the bongo's), a sitar player (sitting cross legged, of course), and not one but 5 vocalists (Pam Bricker, Lou Lou, Emelianna Torri and the tandem of Jah Roots and Zeebo), Eric Hilton (on turntables) and Rob Garza (on synthesized 'dub plates') showed all at the Commodore that 2 'DJ's' can really interpret turntablist world beats into a show of live music and

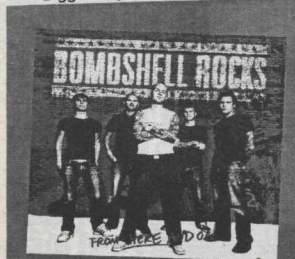
atmosphere.

(I am assuming) Where Sigur Ros and Zero 7 must have dramatically created their live ethereal or cosmic atmospheres (respectively) and where DJ Krush and Jazanova (both whom I dig a lot) spun records at their last Vancouver shows, in my opinion, the Corporation's (along with St. Germain and Moby) studio production encompasses a wider array of sounds and was still able to translate that into a full out live concert. They soothed us with the sublime female vocal driven song and then turned around to rock their tribal break beats laced with sitar freestyles and a pair of mad rasta MC's.

Is it safe to say that we are finally in a post-turbable world of music and shows where strait turntable cats like Q-bert can still show us what Eddie Van Halen would have been like as a DJ or one like John Digweed can transport you out to another dimension thru mixing sick dance and trance records together but then also have an ensemble like Thievery Coporation where the worlds of turntablist and live music are can be married happily in the studio and on stage? •



The (International) Noise Conspiracy
Bigger Cages, Longer Chains

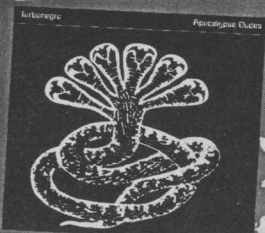


Bombshell Rocks
From Here And On

Turbonegro
Ass Cobra



Turbonegro
Ass Cobra



Turbonegro
Apocalypse Dudes

epitaph.com

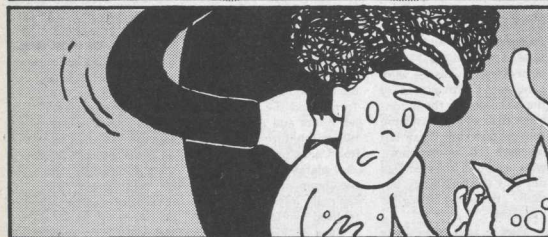


Epitaph

magictooth.tripod.com

the Leprechaun Colony

by gareth gaudin



Saturday Feb 1 ...six piece high lonesome sounds of ...Great Northern
 Thursday Feb 6.... country duo Blackfeather returns
 Friday Feb 7....The Kevin House Band (gutter pastoral) w/ Carsick
 Saturday Feb 8...solarbaby vocalist Mark De Souza with Roger Dean Young
 Thursday Feb 13...Glenn Mishaw (Inspired and original folk/pop/country)
 Friday Feb 14...Valentines Spectacular with Petunia and more TBA
 Saturday Feb 15... Victoria's Leeroy Stagger with Ryan Beattie (chet)
 Thursday Feb 20...Scott Smith and Victor Polyik (slide guitar&harp duo)
 Friday Feb 21...Jack Harlan Band with Jonathan Anderson (solo)
 Saturday Feb 22...Daisy Duke (country harmonies to die for)
 Thursday Feb 27...Antoine Baby Harry with special guest MikeTaylor
 Saturday Feb 28thJon Wood (flopouse jr) and Steve Wright (mazinaw)

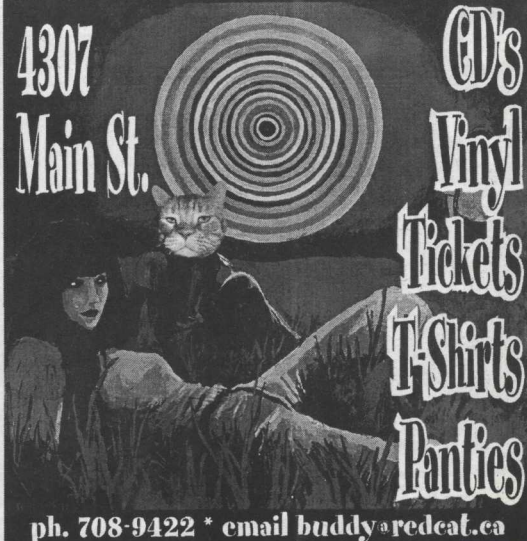
4210 Main St. Vancouver BC 604 709 8555

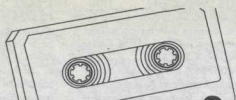
cover charge is a measly 5 bucks... so why not support local music?

booking: contact Dave Gowans... lonesomecowboymusic@shaw.ca

Red Cat Records

4307
Main St.





February Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 Cat Power | History Advance [EP] | Matador |
| 2 Secret Three | Northern And Industrial [EP] | Hive Fi |
| 3 July Fourth Toilet | Something For Everyone | Pro-Am |
| 4 Yo La Tengo | Nuclear War [EP] | Matador |
| 5 Smog | Accumulation: None | Drog City |
| 6 Buck 65 | Square | Wea |
| 7 Dirmitts | Get On | Sonic Unyon |
| 8 Oneida | Each One Teach One | Jagjaguwar |
| 9 The Organ | Sinking Hearts | Global |
| 10 I.L.C. KILLERS | Love Is A Charm... | Estrus |
| 11 Gloryholes | Want A Divorce | Dirtnap |
| 12 Superbees | High Volume | Acetate |
| 13 T.C.D. Sound System | The Essential Collection | M |
| 14 Crooked Fingers | Red Devil Dawn | Merge |
| 15 Godspeed... | Yanqui U.X.O. | Constellation |
| 16 Warlocks | Phoenix Album | Birdman |
| 17 AlunaRed | SUMZK | Action Driver |
| 18 Drive Like Jehu | Yank Crime | Swami |
| 19 Kinski | Airs Above Your Station | Sub Pop |
| 20 Jean Routhier | Endurance | Co-Op Radio |
| 21 Bruce McCulloch | D. B. Project | Sonic Unyon |
| 22 Amon Tobin | Out From Out Where | Ninja Tune |
| 23 Elevator | Darkness-Light | Sonic Unyon |
| 24 Sonig | Various Artists | Sonig |
| 25 The Dears | Protest [EP] | Independent |
| 26 DJ Me DJ You | Can You See... | Eenie Meenie |
| 27 Raveonettes | Whip It On | The Orchid |
| 28 G.I. Joe Killaz | S/T | Cobra |
| 29 Trans Canada... | V/A | Catch and Release |
| 30 Boards of Canada | Twolism | Warp |
| 31 Ruins | Tzomborgha | Ipecac |
| 32 Angels of Light | Everything... | Young God |
| 33 Darin Grey | St. Louis Shuffle | Family Vineyard |
| 34 Francisco Lopez | Addy En El Pais... | Alien8 |
| 35 Ladytron | Light and Magic | Emperor |

February Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1 The Birthday Machine | Direction... | T.Q. R n' R |
| 2 Veal | I hate your lipstick | Six Shooter |
| 3 Frog Eyes/J.W.A.B. | Split | Global Symphonic |
| 4 Maximum R n' R | switchblade | Independent |
| 5 World Burns to Death | human meat... | Prank |
| 6 Gentlemen Of Horror | 5 Song 45 | Independent |
| 7 Service Group | Manufacto | Squid vs. Whale |
| 8 The Agenda | Are You Nervous? | Kindercore |
| 9 The Starvations | Horriified Eyes | GSL |
| 10 Armatron | s/t | GSL |
| 11 Lupine Howl | Don't lose your head | Vinyl Hiss |
| 12 Artimus Pyle | s/t | Prank |
| 13 New Town Animals | Fashion Fallout | Dirtnap |
| 14 Semiautomatic | remixed by... | GSL |
| 15 Dexters Laboratory | The hip hap... | Rhino |
| 16 The Spiifires | Juke Box High | Glazed |
| 17 Get Hustle | Who do You Love? | Gravity Scat |
| 18 Chromatics | s/t | GSL |
| 19 Shannon Wright | A Junior Hymn | Grey Flat |
| 20 Mirah | Small Scale | k |

February Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Me | Counting the Hours |
| 2 Ashley Schram | Urban Rain |
| 3 The Department | Winner Like You |
| 4 Married to the Music | I'm a Drunk |
| 5 Girl Nobody | Come and Find Me |
| 6 The Hand | Already/ Not Yet |
| 7 Silt | Untitled |
| 8 The Blacklist | A Travesty |
| 9 William Hardman | Cherry Pie |
| 10 Groovy Gals | Trash Song |
| 11 Snow Goats | The Dressmakers |
| 12 The Feminists | Sad Echo Wailed |
| 13 The Sore Throats | Prickalicious |
| 14 Collapsing Opposites | Holden and Esther |
| 15 Skeleton | Untitled |
| 16 Ill Royal w/ Kut Korners | Rock on Yah Block |
| 17 Painted Youth | Less than Stellar |
| 18 St. Tibs Day | Lariat |
| 19 Rize Rocket | Cloud #3 |
| 20 Jordan McKenzie | Caroline |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (i.e., "November" charts reflect airplay over October). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@mixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts."

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on the dial

your guide to CTR 101.9fm



SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit caught-in-her-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA 8:00-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhojans, and also Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

TRANSCENDANCE 10:00PM-12:00AM Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

alt. <transcendence@hotmail.com>

THE SHOW 12:00-2:00AM

BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00AM-6:00AM

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brownstew, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM Local Mike and Local Dove bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris Sandbox Theatre 3:00-4:00PM A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national and international theatre groups. We welcome your involvement.

<sandboxtheatre@hotmail.com>

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-5:00PM A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical muscle.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T8rds.

CRASH THE POSE alt. 6:00-7:30PM Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

SOLARIZATION alt. 6:00PM-6:30PM Current affairs with an edge. Kenneth Chan exposes issues that truly matter. None of that mainstream crap. Anybody say controversy? Email: <solarization@radio.fm>

MY ASS alt. 6:30-7:30PM Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Feb. 3: Tonight a fine and often overlooked composer by bassist/composer Charles Mingus and one of his better working bands with a special emphasis on alto saxophonist John Handy [who has a birthday today]. "Jazz Portraits".

Feb. 10: Tonight the only "Live" performance of John Coltrane's epochal suite, A Love Supreme, with his classic quartet.

Feb. 17: Mr. Clarinet is the album title and the proper name for Buddy DeFranco, a man who brought Charlie Parker's concepts to the clarinet. Buddy performs here with Kenny Drew (Piano), Milt Hinton (bass) and the great Art Blakey (drums). Happy Birthday Buddy DeFranco!

Feb. 24: One of big band leader Stan Kenton's finest recordings. Johnny Richards' suite called Cuban Fire. Big band jazz at its most dramatic.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:00AM

DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts Organix at Club 23 (23 West Cordova) on Friday nights.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and 'The Lovely Andrea' Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES 8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

<barnissixtynine@hotmail.com>

FILL IN alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

LA BOMBA alt. 11:30-12:30

REEL TO REEL alt. 12:30-1:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

BEATUP RONIN 1:00-2:00PM Where deep samurai can program music.

CPR 2:00-3:00PM

Buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6AM								6AM
7	REGGAE LINKUP	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE				8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	HIGHBRED VOICES	FOOL'S PARADISE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED		9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	THE ANTIDOTE	PLANET LOVETRON	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	10
11								11
12PM		GIRLFOOD	LA BOMBA (WO)	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION	12PM
1	ROCKERS SHOW	LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD	REEL TO REEL (TK)					1
2		PARTS UNKNOWN	BEATUP RONIN	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	POWERCHORD	2
3			CPR	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW			3
4	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	SANDBOX THEATRE(TK)	ELECTRIC AVENUES (Ec)	MOTORDADDY/RUMBLETONE RADIO	RHYMES & REASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	4
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sp)	MEAT EATING VEGAN(Ec)	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP (TK)	CITR NEWS AND ARTISTS(TK)	ELECTROLUX HOUR	5
6	SAINT TROPEZ	CRASH THE POSE	10,000 VOICES (TK)	A.S.W. (Po/Ec)	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	6
7	QUEER FM	WIGFLUX RADIO	FLEX YOUR HEAD	BLUE MONDAY (G)	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR			7
8			SALARIO MINIMO	FILL IN	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOME BASS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	8
9	RHYTHMSINDIA		VENUS FLYTRAP	FOLK OASIS	WORLD HEAT	MORNING AFTER SHOW	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	9
10	TRANSCENDANCE	THE JAZZ SHOW	ESCAPISM	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR				10
11								11
12AM								12AM
1	THE SHOW	VENGEANCE IS MINEI						1
2								2
3	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES	AURAL TENTACLES	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM	WIRELESS CRUELTY	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL	THE RED EYE	3
4							EARWAX	4
5							REGGAE LINKUP	5
6								6

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki= Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mt= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk
Rg= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots • Sk= ska • So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

and techno... buh bump...

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES

alt. 3:30-4:30PM
ELECTRIC AVENUES alt. 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN

4:30-5:00PM

10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM

Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-

8:00PM Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo.

<http://flexyourhead.vancouverhordcore.com/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-

10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN

alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveden@hotmail.com>

ESCARAPE alt. 10:00PM-

12:00AM Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambient-soul-jazz-fusion and beyond! From the bedroom to Bombay via Brooklyn and back. The sounds of reality remixed. Smile. <Disa tylican@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES

12:00-6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-

7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE

7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! <suburbanjungle@chan.net88.com>

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-

10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE ANTIDOTE 10:00AM-

11:30PM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS

2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY alt.

3:00-5:00PM Cycleriffic rawk and roll

RUMBLESTONE RADIO alt.

3:00-5:00PM Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. <www.necessarvoices.org>

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt.

6:30-8:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY alt. 6:30PM-

8:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

FILL IN 8:00PM-9:00PM

FOLK OASIS 9:00-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt coun-

try and more. Not a mirage!

<lokoasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

11:00PM-2:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-

8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-

11:30AM Music inspired by Chloë's Thunder. Robert Rabot drags electro post and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanishp. <rbolove@yahoo.com>

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-

1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-

2:00PM Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW

2:00-3:00PM Comic mix comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS

3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velourition! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <www.sustainablecity.com/dinos/radio>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR

7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappilyattired host Gary Olsen. <ripup55@aol.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD

RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11. <http://www.stepandhalf.com/birdhell>

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-

1:00AM An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-ani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

WIRELESS CHUMLY 1:00-

6:00AM

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-

8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-

10:00AM Travelling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE!

10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to <djska_@hotmail.com>.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

12:00-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original tracks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

2:00-3:30PM The best mix of music, news, sports, and com-

mentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDUAR... THE HUMAN

SERVETTE PRESENTS...

3:30-5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-

6:00PM A volunteer produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt.

6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-

9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMELESS 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW

12:00-2:00AM

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL 2:00-

6:00AM Dark, sinister music of all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Droke.

SATURDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00AM-

8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-

12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM: African/World roots.

9AM-12PM Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

12:00-1:00PM Tune in for a full hour of old and new punk and Oi mayhem!

POWERHORD 1:00-

3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-

6:00PM

SOUL TREE 6:00-9:00PM

From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

9:00-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS

11:00PM-1:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haichest with guest DJs and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

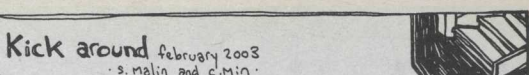
THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

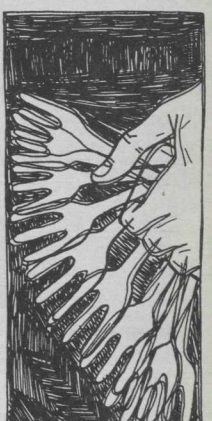
"Nois terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inno junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria shake. Hosted by Sister B.



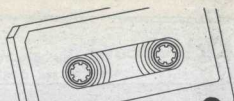
Fucky I hate comics.



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datebook

what's happening in february



SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE MARCH ISSUE, THE DEADLINE IS FEB 19. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1

Robert Walter's 20th Congress@Fairview Pub; Drive-By Truckers@Richard's On Richards; Kelly Joe Phelps@Capilano College; Indie Night In Canada Presents: Livewirepalooza@The Brickyard; Arabian Nights@Anza Club; Brian Lynch@Cellar; Broken Crow Quartet@Sugar Refinery; Brickhouse@The Yale; O&V@Blunt Bros; Great Northern@The Main; Hong Kong Blondes, Paulsided and Sweet Fuck All@Pat's Pub; Scumrock@Blinding Light; Schmidaholics, Me Infecto, Audio Infidels@Zaks (Seattle)

SUN 2

Caillou@Queen Elizabeth Theatre; Los Angeles Guitar Quartet@Chan Centre for the Performing Arts; Vancouver Inter-Cultural Orchestra@Capilano College; Nineteen@Graceland; Viva! American Death Ray Music; Nasty On, Mennonites@The Pic; Carolyn Mark w/Petunia@Sugar Refinery; Scumrock@Blinding Light; Djs Royal Brohamms@Zaks (Seattle)

TUE 4

Morcheeba@Commodore Ballroom; Emerica Skate presents: Fuck the Movies Cheap Tuesdays@The Brickyard; Best of Restfest@Blinding Light

WED 5

Time Flies@Western Front; Sugarfish, Drip, Rockharders and Harrow@The Brickyard; Jesse Cahill Trio@Sugar Refinery; Best of Restfest@Blinding Light; Dj Ken Dirtnap@Zaks (Seattle)

THUR 6

GG Dattary, Speed To Kill, Noise Tribe Zero@The Brickyard; Time Flies@Western Front; Inland Knights@Sonar; Flairs@The Royal; Blackfeather@The Main; Critter, Ion Zoo@Sugar Refinery; Mother Dao@Blinding Light; Lonesome Teardrops, The Glamour Pets, The Blank-Its@Zaks (Seattle)

FR 7

Michael Franti and Spearhead@Commodore Ballroom; The Bill Hilly Band, The Marc Atkinson Trio@Capilano College; Geoff Berner, Sarah Wheeler, The Littlest Homies@The Railway Club; Tre Harlow@Commodore Ballroom; Los Fuegos, The Blood Warmers, The Skatomatics and Half Life@The Brickyard; Kids These Days@Unit 20; Kevin House Band@The Main; Andrea Klas@Mark's Fiasco; Ambulanza@Sugar Refinery; Girl King@Blinding Light

SAT 8

Sam Roberts, Grace Nocturnal@Commodore Ballroom; Campbell Brothers@St. Andrews Wesley Church; O&V, Perpetual Dream Theory, Angie Inglis@Marine Club; Roger Dean Young, Marq DeSouza@The Main; CPOX's Indie Night Canada Presents: Livewirepalooza@The Brickyard; Tony Wilson Quintet@Sugar Refinery; Girl King@Blinding Light

SUN 9

Al Simmons@Orpheum Theatre; Bob Log II@The Pic; Coleco@Sonar; Refinery; Girl King@Blinding Light; Pungent Stench, Phobia, Hellshock, Skarp@Zaks (Seattle)

MON 10

Djs Royal Brohamms@Zaks (Seattle)

TUE 11

Torsten Muller, Paul Lovens, Rudi Mahall@St. James Community Hall; Fuck the Movies Cheap Tuesdays@The Brickyard; Faces of Eve@The Roxy; Spirling With@Blinding Light

WED 12

Bolsheviks, Mass Undergo, Soundawg@The Brickyard; Bob Wiseman, Ryan Murphy@Sugar Refinery; Spiraling With@Blinding Light; The Hunches, Shake City, The Mystery Girls, Dj Ken Dirtnap@Zaks (Seattle)

THUR 13

Ben Kweller, Brendan Benson @Croatian Cultural Center; Fuel Injcted 45, Christ Complex, Darwin's Wrong, Benny's Little Brother@The Brickyard; Dimitri From Paris@Commodore Ballroom; Crooked Fingers@The Pic; Adrienne Pierce, Motion Soundtrack; Marcus Martin@The Railway Club; Beautiful Music Festival@Sugar Refinery; Spiraling With@Blinding Light; Anti-Everything, Bob Cocks Allstars, The Sicknick, Kill The President@Zaks (Seattle)

FR 14

Martyn Joseph@Capilano College; Spiffires@Club 303; Natalie MacMaster@Orpheum Theatre; SideSixtySeven, Red Scare, Drunk with Guns, Scruffy Magoo@The Brickyard; Young and Sexy, Pleasure Suite@The Railway Club; Spiraling With@Blinding Light; Beautiful Music Festival@Sugar Refinery; Teyxlanavia, The Load Levellers@Zaks (Seattle)

SAT 15

Beautiful Music Festival@Sugar Refinery; Leeroy Stagger, Ryan Beattie@The Main, Natalie MacMaster@Orpheum; Spiraling With@Blinding Light

SUN 16

Bob Wiseman, Ryan Murphy@Sugar Refinery; Spiraling With@Blinding Light; Schmidaholics, Moltiv Cocktail, Quick 66, The Butchers@Zaks (Seattle)

MON 17

Neil Finn, Rhett Miller @Commodore Ballroom; Carolyn Dawn Johnson, Jimmy Rankin, Keith Urban @Queen Elizabeth Theatre; Djs Royal Brohamms@Zaks (Seattle)

TUE 18

Choclaire@Green Room; Life Under Mike@Blinding Light; Jimmy Flame & the Sexy Boys, Guff, The Daryls@Zaks (Seattle)

WED 19

Life Under Mike@Blinding Light; Dj Ken Dirtnap@Zaks (Seattle)

THUR 20

The Harlem Globetrotters@G.M. Place; The Roots@Commodore Ballroom; The Bluehouse@W.I.S.E. Hall; Ross Taggart, Bob Murphy@Cellar; Candye Kane@The Yale; Bring Your Own Film@Blinding Light

FR 21

Rising in the West: New Vancouver Jazz and Improv: J.P. Carter Trio, Little Stitches, Smoke Rings, and Adios@Roundhouse Community Centre; The Operators, The Hoodwinks, Ska-T and the J-Roys@Cafe Deux Soles; Tracker@Sugar Refinery; Gridlock, Code, Xyn@The Brickyard; Nineteens@Catwalk Club; American Magus@Blinding Light

SAT 22

Reverend Horton Heat, Unknown Hinson @Commodore Ballroom; Dave Douglas Septet@Vancouver East Cultural Centre; The Band of the Grenadier Guards@Pacific Coliseum; Latex Bride, Satina Saturnina, Zsa Zsa@MS. T's Cabaret; The Satisfactions, The Widows, Saturn Head@The Brickyard; American Magus@Blinding Light

SUN 23

Savoy Brown feat. Kim Simmonds, Wishbone Ash@Yale Hotel Pub; Aging Youth Gang, Shrimpeat, Pets Fairies@Railway Club; Smoper, Collapsing Lung@Sugar Refinery; American Magus@Blinding Light

MON 24

Paolo Angeli@Sugar Refinery; Djs Royal Brohamms@Zaks (Seattle)

TUE 25

Bet. E and Stef@Sonar; Curious Whiteboy@Blinding Light

WED 26

Ladytron, Simian@Commodore Ballroom; Calexico@Richard's On Richards; Barrage@The Vogue; Tim@The Brickyard; Sandman, Ida Ida@Sugar Refinery; Curious Whiteboy@Blinding Light; Dj Ken Dirtnap@Zaks (Seattle)

THUR 27

Dredg, Glassjaw, Hot Water Music, Snocore Rock, Sparta@Commodore Ballroom; Statched, Speedbump@The Purple Onion; A/V Lodge@Sugar Refinery; Philip Guston@Blinding Light

FR 28

Buttless Chaps, Chet@Sugar Refinery; Harry Nilsson's The Point@Blinding Light

places to be

bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.669.7734	pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
beatstreet records	3-712 robson	604.683.3344	railway club	579 dunsmuir	604.681.1625
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828	richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
blinding light!!	36 powell	604.878.3366	ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959	red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
club 23	23 west cordova		royal	1029 granville	
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550	scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
crossotown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774	scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766	sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964	sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
legion of van	300 west pender		teenage rampage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
lotus hotel	455 abbott		vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsmuir	604.665.3050
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555	video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
mesa luna	1926 w. broadway		western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender		WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
orpheum theatre	smithie at seymour	604.665.3050	yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
pacific cinémathèque	131 howe	604.688.8202	zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232
pat's pub	403 east hastings	604.255.4301			

special events

LEEROY STAGGER SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15 THE MAIN

He's drunk, he's country, he wants to drink your daughters and steal your beer.

LADYTRON WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26 COMMODORE

I officially declare the Electroclash movement dead. Let's go and poke its bloated corpse.

THE HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20 G.M. PLACE

The closest any Vancouverites will get to NBA action this year. But unlike the Grizzlies, the Trotters are guaranteed the win.

A MOVIE, A VIDEO, YOUR BED ANY NIGHT THIS MONTH ALL LOCATIONS

No Fancuver starts the year as it intends to go on—like a wet fart in a thunderstorm.

DAYS A WEEK!

7

OPEN



New Arrivals every Wednesday,
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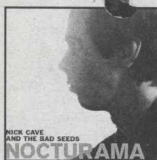
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Sun 12:00-6:00

When The Band Came In...

February's Study of Vocal and Instrumental Resources

CROOKED FINGERS Red Devil Dawn CD

If I am not mistaken, moviemakers always yell, "Cut! And Print it" when they have just captured the very marrow of their art. Must be nice to know when you have skillfully penetrated the darkness of creativity to illuminate the essence of what you wanted... Thank the actors, thank the cinematographer, thank the editors, and everyone for the great thing that has been accomplished. Well now, if I am also not mistaken, **Eric Bachmann** has also taken a torch into the darkness to illumine today's classic porch-song ode akin to nice sippers of whiskey plus lemon! Bachmann has given greatness a sonic domain. Indeed, "Cut. Print it. Red Devil Dawn is done!"

**ZULU PRESENTS CROOKED FINGERS, LIVE AT THE PIC PUB, THURSDAY FEBRUARY 13TH
ENTER TO WIN 2 TICKETS FROM US!
CD 19.98**

CALLA Televise CD

If you've been paying attention, you'll notice Brooklyn is nicely asserting itself as the breeding ground for some of the most interesting and knowledgeable rock 'n' roll out there today. **Calla** is holding down the balls-out psychogeography rock end, while **The Walkmen** and **Calla** are sharing a left in the atmospheric pop 'n' town. Minimal, crisp, intense, and just a bit avant-garde, **Televise** is an excellent and welcome release for any fan of **CALLA's** aforementioned Brooklyn brethren, as well as **Radiobhead** or **Interpol**. While the future may not be televised, the present certainly is! Enjoy.

CD 16.98

BONNIE PRINCE BILLY Master and Everyone CD/LP

If this record is anything like the last fantastic (and secretly, so very dirty and raunchy) **BONNIE PRINCE BILLY CD, Case Down the Road**, then we implore everyone to buy it instantly and thus for once enjoy pure, fully realized customer satisfaction. How often can that be claimed of any experience, not simply we-as-is shopping? Seriously. In any case, along with such American talent as **Jeff Tweedy** and **Jim O'Rourke**, we think **Will Oldham** is one of the best and most captivating singer-songwriters his country has to offer, baring the best of the still active old guard, like **Dylan** (of course). Speaking of the old guard, **Johnny Cash** covered Oldham's "See a Darkness" on **American III: Solitary Man**. This is truly an endorsement to be proud of, we imagine, one that we support very much. American music—sometimes it's you.

CD 19.98 LP 16.98

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL FEBRUARY 28, 2003

THE SEA AND CAKE One Bedroom CD/LP

If it could get any better than this I wouldn't know. With **One Bedroom**, the sixth record for the decade-or-so old **The Sea and Cake**, the Midwest art guys rather lightly, indeed more breezy and gentle than outright blowing wind, which otherwise typifies the famous windy city of Chicago: hometown to the boys in question. Such is the music on this latest recording, too, all nicely twiggling and easy grooves, with artful live-band dynamics overlaid with light and fancy computer-assisted production. There's still plenty of rumble and snap in the back to keep stuff happening, of course, and some long, guitar-driven, locked-down and blessed-out over-ros to keep heads nodding. So just sit back—way, way back—and let the mid-air, warm wind put you to rest.

**ZULU PRESENTS THE SEA AND CAKE,
MARCH 10TH AT RICHARDS ON RICHARDS W/
CALIFONE TICKETS \$19.25
ENTER TO WIN 2 TICKETS FROM US!
CD 19.98 LP 16.98**

JACKIE-O Motherfucker Change CD/LP

If you have no map—are you therefore lost? This is the question that has guided free rock ensemble **Jackie-O Motherfucker's** discursive trajectory through the ghetto sound sonic universe. Ah so now for **JACKIE-O** Change has come... If you remember the critical discourse that accompanied the arrival of transcendent sonic out-fits such as **Tortoise** and **Godspeed You! Black Emperor**, you will undoubtedly recognize the earmarks on another great band in our midst! **Jackie-O** is arguably the biggest underground act in continental America today, but note, they are not overnight sensations. They have released 8 albums over the years, and must now deal with the daunting changes that accompany the arrival of specter-like gaze of the "critical press". Day jobs will have to be quit, calls screened, and horrible questions answered—indeed change has finally come!

CD/LP 19.98

TIGA DJ KICKS CD

If your biological clock is ticking in a painful kind of way, ladies, **TIGA** is here to solve your problem. The key to making babies is finding a mate, and **TIGA** got the art of courtship all wrapped up in one hot little plastic package. Take this disc home and learn to dance. Dip out your mom's hottest '80s fuck-it and strap it on. You're now ready to rule the clubs—electro-style. The sleeker you're learning here is more valuable than contribute McDonald's fries at a fast-food camp. Hell, you might even convince on the dance-floor I could tell you more about the music, but you don't really need to care—suffice to say, it's hot, and you'll score.

CD 20.98

LOOSE FUR s/t CD

If American music has something better to offer than **Jeff Tweedy** and **Jim O'Rourke** (and **Will Oldham**, too, as we argue elsewhere), right now, it's probably **way, way underground**. In which case, by the time we all hear of this imaginary new thing, **Tweedy** and **O'Rourke**, based on the caliber of their present work, will be but that much more established and advanced anyway. The thing is, winning battles usually continue to win, and then they become the stuff of legend. Luckily, we're here at the first few stages of the myth-making process for **Tweedy** and **O'Rourke**. Now, the sixties are surely going that time and it's always the duty of no use to us, except as a reference. In filling this album to continue... approve! (I guess often that one might like it, as people truly embracing a worthy artist and making them legendary, without undue marketing temerity. So here's the deal: Drag city is still under the radar for most—let's help work together to create the rock theatre of tomorrow and give us something of value to reflect on as time passes. Could **LOOSE FUR** help wave this mythology? It does, it does.

CD 19.98

VARIOUS ARTISTS PET PROJECTS—BRIAN WILSON PRODUCTIONS CD

If there really ever was any question regarding the **Brian Wilson** as the premiere sonic genius of the mid-'60s' debate, this new collection of **Wilson** studio productions should further shake the yes camp. Featuring 23 perspective recordings masterminded by the genius **Beach Boys**, who out-does **Phil Spector** and **Joe Meek** with a rather glib use of the mid-60s vocal overtones. Introduce yourself to the heaven of "Runaround Love" - **Sharon Marie**, "Pamela Jean" - **Survivors**, "That's the Way I Feel" - **Gary Usher**, "He's a Doll," "Shoot the Curt" - **Honey**, "Vegetables Laughing" - **Gravy**, "Number One," "The Revolution" - **Rachel** and **the Revolvers**, "She Rides with Me" - **Paul Peterson**, "Shyn" - **Avoy**, "Fallin' in Love" - **American Spring**, "Guess I'm Dumb" - **Elan Campbell**, and more. Fantastic! AVAILABLE FEBRUARY 8TH

CD 19.98

NORIKO TUIJKO Make Me Hard CD

If you missed out on the two album push that shows that **NORIKO TUIJKO** played in Vancouver at the sweltering height of last summer, well you really can't be blamed. If you were to contend that this Japanese experimental pop lady was hardly a megastar... well you'd be right. Yes, you'd be right but that's wrong! She should be a megastar. Heck, here at Zulu, we can't tick off another musician who makes innovative music so accessible or accessible music so innovative. That's why we lobbied hard to get **Make Me Hard** into Canada in time for this month's ad. And here it comes: her third album, her second for another musician who makes innovative music so accessible or accessible music so innovative. That's why we lobbied hard to get **Make Me Hard** into Canada in time for this month's ad. And here it comes: her third album, her second for Vienna's very excellent Mego label and her greatest achievement to date. **NORIKO's** multi-layered laptop symphonies will blow your mind even as her pristine voice goesos your bumps and shivers your limbs to their very foundation. Deeply lovely and thoroughly worthy of investigation.

CD 22.98

KINSKI Airs Above Your Station CD/2LP

If you could live in a penthouse high above, looking down on the buzz and the blur of city at night... would you? If you had an entire circle of '90s metal and art rock in which to finish it off... would you? And then, waiting nothing but a silk robe, would you then drunkenly saunter out to your balcony, before the waves of second guesses crash in, and lift yourself up and over... and into the warm night air? Ladies and gentlemen, for **Kinski**, **Krauss**, and all its modern disciples: **Airs Above Your Station**, the brand new album from Seattle's **KINSKI**.

CD 16.98 2LP 20.98

SOLE Selling Live Water CD/2LP

If you're sick of mainstream and a never-ending parade of brutal materialism and misogyny... If you're sick of indie rock's paint-by-numbers "emotional" whining... If you're sick of living in an emotional wasteland... If you're sick of being lied to... If you're sick of corporate slavery... If you're just plain sick... If you're getting with negativity and thirsting for beauty... Then it's time to get some **SOLE** music in your life. This is the new album by the Anticon label's head honcho. It's seriously superb and it's superlative. Hip-hop music to live your life by.

CD 20.98 2LP 20.98

If you need me — I'll come running! BROKEBACK Looks at the Bird LP/CD

**RAINER MARIA-Long Knives Drawn LP/CD
THE INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY-
For Sale 7"CD/EP**

**THE WALKABOUTS-Drunken Soundtracks 2CD
VINO GDS-Second Nature CD
J-LIVE-Like This Anna 12"
JAN JELINEK-Avec The Exposures 12"
SCENE CREAMERS-I Suck On That Emotion LP/CD**

**THE CLEAN-Anthology 2CD
THE BAPTIST GENERALS-No Silver, No Gold CD**

JOHN LANGFORD AND THE SADIES-The Mayors of the Moon CD FEB 4th

**HOLDAW-s/t CD Feb 4th
STARS-Heart CD Feb 11th**

**FUNKI PORCINI-Fast Asleep CD/2LP Feb 11th
MR. SCRUFF-Video DVD CD Feb 11th**

ANTI-POP CONCERTUM-Vs Matthew Shipp CD/LP Feb 18th

**MORPHINE-Best Of CD Feb 4th
CAT POWER-You Are Free CD/2LP Feb 18th**

Book + Music Culture A Literary Affair at Zulu Sunday

February 23rd at 4PM with local writers...

Lee Henderson- The Broken Record Technique

Andrea Gin- Bonny Day Press - Turf + Shawna's Diary

Aaron Peck- A young voice of new poetry

Art Culture

"Empire"—new work from the highly revered **Johann Groebner**



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